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MARGUERITE

BY MAVILE CLARKE.

"He loves me—loves me not!" It seems
That Gretchen's love-spell yet hath power,
As confirmation of the dreams
That fill a maiden's every hour.
As erst men sought in Virgil's page,
She bids the flower her life foretell
May such inquirers in each age
Find answer in "he loves me well!"

"He loves me—loves me not!" Ah, me!
What if she finds "he loves me not?"
From silken chains the bird flies free—
Chains forged upon this very spot.
A sudden darkness fills the air,
The summer leaves take autumn tone;
Ah, cruel floweret, could you dare
To whisper he was not her own?

"He loves me—loves me not!" And now
The presage of the petal brings
Carnation hues to cheek and brow;
"Ah, who so fortunate?" she sings;
"He loves me; and if he proves true,
As I shall prove through all the years,
Fair flower, I shall remember you
With guerdon of my happy tears."

"He loves me—loves me not!" For aye
The ancient oracles are fled,
No Delphic priestess speaks to-day;
And all the waves wailed "Pan is dead!"
But still the flower, whose petals fall
Like wayward snow-flakes at her feet,
Hath power to answer at her call—
And that contents thee, Marguerite!

THE LILY OF ST. ERNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ESTHER'S SECRET," "HELENA LYLE," ETC.

[This story was commenced in No. 8, Vol. 56. Back Numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XI.

WHEREIN MAX FINDS HIMSELF IN ANOTHER DILEMMA, FROM WHICH NO ONE APPEARS ABLE TO RESCUE HIM.

The apartments Max occupied in Penruan Abbey opened on a large square landing, and were situated on the first story of the house, above, or nearly over, the library. At his right hand lay the wide staircase, leading to the entrance-hall below; on the left was a large window, filled with stained glass, through which the moon shone faintly, and covered the oaken flooring with fantastic shadows. On the opposite side of the landing, a door, similar in position to his own, led to a corridor, containing several other suites of rooms, of which few were now furnished, save those occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Penruan and Eleanor. At the further end of the corridor another flight of stairs led to the sleeping-chambers of the servants.

Max had learned these details when his host led him through the Abbey, and he had since then carefully examined the landing for himself, with a view to ascertaining what lay on the other side of the panel he had seen opened. But all he had gleaned was this: that there was space enough between his bedroom and the outer wall for an apartment of equal size, but the entrance to it must be from some other part of the house.

It was, as we have already said, with some caution that he emerged from this apartment, for unaccountable noises, when heard at the small hours of the night, will naturally put their auditor on the defensive. He had scarcely taken a couple of steps forward, when he recoiled, for, to his inexpressible surprise, he found that Mr. Penruan was at his elbow.

It was he, in dressing-gown and slippers, who was feeling his way along the walls, and moaning so strangely; and, concluding directly that he was ill, his guest was about to address him, and offer assistance, when a ray of moonlight fell on his upturned visage, and Max perceived, by the fixed glassy eye, that he was walking in his sleep.

There is always something unearthly in the appearance of a somnambulist. His utter unconsciousness of all around him; the fearless gravity with which he passes along dangerous places; and that peculiar something in his state which seems to separate him for the time from both the waking and the sleeping world, inspires the beholder with a sentiment akin to awe. It is also certain that somnambulism never took a more painful shape than it did on this occasion; for so perturbed were the visions that had drawn Mr. Penruan from his couch, that Max longed to arouse him from them, and was only deterred by remembering to have heard that the act is often attended with bad consequences to the sleeper.

Without appearing to see him, Mr. Penruan moved on, still giving vent to low, moaning expressions of suffering, whether mental or bodily it was difficult to say. To Max he was an object for the sincerest pity; to a psychologist he would have been a curious study, for his whole bearing was that of a man who, by some mysterious and invisible power, is being influenced against his will. As if impelled by this power, which he vainly sought to resist, he walked onward, but stopped again and again to wring his hands and extend them imploringly, and repeat those mute prayers to be released.

His ghastly and contorted features, and his strange gestures, dimly visible in the shadowy light, ended in impressing Max so unpleasantly, that the young man felt very much inclined to retreat, and, locking himself in his chamber, leave his host to his own resources. But then the question arose, how far would it be right to do this? It was quite possible that such scenes were of nightly occurrence, and that the somnambulist always regained his couch in safety; but, on the other hand, who could say that he would not incur some peril which might be prevented by heedfully watching him?

No one else in the Abbey gave token of having been disturbed by Mr. Penruan's nocturnal ramble; and to traverse the whole length of the corridor, and awaken some of the servants, would be to risk arousing his lady and Eleanor, and creating no end of alarm. So, as the task of watching over him seemed to have devolved on Max Haveryng, the latter rather unwillingly accepted it, and continued to move slowly after his dreamy kinsman.

In a little while Mr. Penruan grew calmer, and, drawing his hand across his brow with the air of one exhausted by a long struggle, he began walking towards the door leading towards his bed-room, and Max to congratulate himself upon the same.

But ere he reached it, a voice, low, yet distinct, arrested him.

The same whispered words, the same imperious, "Come! come!" which Max had heard before he quitted his chamber, were now repeated, and the unhappy man, writhing, groaning, like a creature possessed, staggered once more towards the stairs.

Max was now fairly startled. It was plain that he was not—as he had been supposing—the only watchful creature in the Abbey, or the only person cognizant of Mr. Penruan's somnambulism. More than this he felt tolerably certain that the voice which so violently affected this gentleman was not raised to induce him to go quietly back to rest. On the contrary, advantage was being taken of his somnolent state to lead him elsewhere. Some chord, cleverly struck, was influencing the dreamer, whose ear, dulled to all other sounds, had still been keenly sensitive to that imperious summons.

And now the question arose for what purpose was some one or other practising upon the excited brain of the dreamer, and who was this person? Eleanor Haydon—could she, with all her aversion, to her step-father, stoop to such acts as these?

Anyhow, Max was too practical to attribute the sounds he heard to supernatural agency, and he was also too honorable in all his own dealings not to resent anything in the shape of trickery, whether attempted on himself or his kinsman. And, satisfied that the voice had proceeded from the direction of the staircase, he immediately followed Mr. Penruan's uncertain steps, for the two-fold purpose of pouncing upon the concealed speaker, and denouncing, in the strongest terms, such unworthy conduct.

Keeping carefully in the shadow himself, he was soon able to see that about half-way down the flight of wide, oaken steps, there was a recess, originally intended for a statue. Within this it was quite possible for any person of average size to hide; and Max, whose sight was unusually keen, felt almost positive that he could detect the outlines of a figure, dressed in flowing garments, standing motionless within it.

While he gazed, Mr. Penruan began to descend the stairs, still moving as if drawn thither against his will; and now Max was no longer in doubt, for he distinctly saw the dusky, feminine figure flit down from the niche, and glide on before the sleep-walker, repeating the imperious summons. Too impetuous to keep back any longer, the young man sprang past Mr. Penruan, who was clinging to the balustrades, and, with outstretched arms, went leaping towards the intruder, who was slowly retreating across the hall.

But as soon as his tall form came fully in sight, this ghostly visitant gave proof of being accessible to mortal terrors; for, panting with alarm, she immediately began to rush down the nearest passage, at a speed which Max, though agile enough, found it no easy task to emulate.

His angry command to her to stop only seemed to quicken her movements; and ere he could prevent it, she had slipped the bolts of a door, and darted through, with him in hot pursuit.

The rush of cold air told him, ere he reached this portal, that it gave access to the courtyard behind the offices; and here he thought he should surely bring the unknown to bay, for Mr. Penruan's fears lest his grooms should secretly help themselves to anything from the stables at night, induced him to have the keys of all the outer gates delivered into his own care.

But Max forgot that the pursued had here the immense advantage over the pursuer of knowing the locality; and by the time he had stumbled over a stable pail, and discovered that the tall object towards which he hastened was not a female, but a pump, he had the mortification of seeing the unknown glide back into the house, having successfully evaded him by drawing back into a dark corner.

The door closed behind her with a dull thud, and, for the moment, Max believed that she had retorted upon him by locking him out; but it yielded to his touch, and, with some difficulty, he made his way back to the principal staircase. Mr. Penruan was no longer there. Released of the presence of his tormentress, he had returned to his chamber; and his guest, very much puzzled and dissatisfied, threw himself on his bed, and snatched a few hours' repose.

AN INOPPORTUNE ARRIVAL.

While he dressed himself on the morrow, he endeavored to come to some decision as to the course he should himself take respecting this night's work. The most straightforward way would certainly be to go to the Squire, and tell him all that had come under his notice.

But then, Mr. Penruan was a peculiar man, and might act upon the information with a virulence that Max would scarcely care to evoke.

Would it not be wiser, and even kinder, to satisfy himself first whether Eleanor was the culprit, and ascertain from the young lady her reasons for working upon the excited brain of her stepfather. If sheer mischief dictated the act, surely a quiet but earnest remonstrance would make her aware of the actual cruelty of such conduct.

Then a doubt arose as to whether any interference on the part of a comparative stranger ought to be attempted in this most extraordinary household—whether it would not be more prudent to be blind and deaf to all that transpired at Penruan Abbey, while enjoying the hospitality of its owner and the good will of the rest of the inmates.

Finally, Haverying, unable to arrive at any decision, went down to breakfast, half inclined to let circumstances shape his course for him

As he descended the stairs, he glanced into the recess, and descried a scrap of something black clinging to a nail that had once supported a bracket. This scrap Max took the trouble to pause and secure. It was a morsel of black lace, torn from a woman's dress; and the suspicions he had been entertaining of Eleanor were greatly strengthened by this circumstance.

When he entered the breakfast-parlor, the Squire, whose visage looked strangely wan and pinched, uttered a curt good morrow, and buried himself in the money article of a local paper. But Mrs. Penruan, who had made the unusual exertion of rising early, beckoned Max to her side. She was still harping on the croquet party. The romantic idea of being borne in a litter, or palanquin, through a crowd of admiring and commiserating visitors, had taken strong hold of her imagination; and, with childish pertinacity, she continued to dwell upon it, glancing wistfully at her husband while she talked, although his stern, unsympathizing face proved that, if he heard, he had not the smallest intention of complying with her wishes. Max found it difficult to reconcile Mr. Penruan's overweening anxiety about his lady's health with this unwillingness to oblige her.

"I have been looking at my striped silk," she murmured; "and it would make up into the loveliest costume imaginable! It would be a very trying ordeal for me, I know; and Mr. Penruan says he will not hear of my making such very great exertions. Is not that what you said, John, dear? But I feel that I could nerve myself to it, for Eleanor's sake, dear child; she sees no society. My health makes cowards of us all. Then I could lie quite still in a darkened room till the last moment, and need not disturb myself, except to have my dress tried on. Why don't you speak, Eleanor? You might say whether you can suggest any better arrangement."

"*Cui bono?* What's the use?" muttered her daughter, below her breath. "I was waiting to hear the rest of your plans, mamma. You have not said who is to issue the invitations, decorate the rooms, arrange the dessert, help to make the jellies, and receive the guests? I suppose all these items must be taken into consideration?"

"Don't be unfeeling, child!" sighed Mrs. Penruan, looking for her smelling-bottle. "How can I be expected to attend to things of this description in my dreadful state of nervous debility! If I make the exertion of appearing at all, it will certainly prostrate me for days!"

"Of course it would," growled the Squire, irritably; "and you *must not* attempt it Only a mad woman would think of such folly!"

Mrs. Penruan sank back on her cushions with her handkerchief to her eyes, whimpering something about "for Eleanor's sake;" but she dared not say more while her spouse looked so irascible.

"Poor mamma!" said her daughter, caressing the delicate white hand of the invalid lady. "How grievous that all your heroic resolutions should be made in vain! And Mr. Haveryng, too! What a disappointment for him, that he is not to see the *elite* of the county gathered at our cheerful and hospitable dwelling!"

"I shall survive it," said Max, coolly, as the Squire snatched up his papers and went away, slamming the door behind him. "I'm not sure that I should shine at such an affair; and if Mr. Penruan took it into his head to introduce me to his lady guests in the same style as he did to his friend, the Lieutenant—that is, as my kinsman from the gold diggings—I should long to hide myself; for I find that the notion here is that there are but two classes of people in California—the miners, and those who prey upon them."

"Your courage will not be put to the test," Eleanor answered; "for croquet parties entail expenses that would make Mr. Penruan tear his hair!"

"If you have been putting that idea into his head," cried her mother, crossly, "I do not wonder at his reluctance to give one. I wish you would curb that shrewish tongue of yours, Eleanor! I thought it was your fault in some way."

"Then your thought was an unjust one," was the calm reply. "I should have been only too glad, mamma, to farther any scheme that would give you something more pleasant to dwell upon than your own ailments. In self-defence, I must tell you, Mr. Haveryng, that Mr. Penruan never wasted his money in entertaining his neighbors; neither does he give a seat at his table to a relative without a *mottee* for the civility!"

She spoke with such significance, that Max followed her to the window to which she now retreated.

"Are you sure that you are justified in what you have been saying?" he asked. "What motive but a good-natured one can my kinsman have for his kindness to me?"

"I do not know, although I have my suspicions," was all Eleanor could be induced to say; and the Squire just re-entering the room, all further discussion of the topic became impossible.

Mr. Penruan complained of headache and lassitude, the results, though he knew it not, of his somnambulism; and after fidgeting about for some time, and peevishly rejecting all the remedies that were suggested, he went away to vent his spleen on his workmen. His lady was not sorry to be rid of him, for she wanted to examine some fashion plates; and while she debated with her maid whether the new azuline would harmonize well with her gay Bengalese *robe de soir*, Eleanor and Max quitted the house and sauntered to their favorite haunt, the rose-garden.

The opportunity was too good to be lost, and Max threw out a bold sally directly they found themselves alone.

"Did you sleep soundly last night, Cousin Eleanor?"

"Yes," she answered, carelessly, as she stooped over a budding crimson gacqueminot. "Why do you ask? Did you think I should be too tired to rest well?"

Was this a deliberate falsehood that she uttered so glibly? Ere Max could utter another query, she looked up, surprised at his silence.

"Your own eyes are as heavy, Mr. Haveryng, as if your slumbers had not been peaceful ones. Were they broken by dreams, or what ails you?"

"Are you really ignorant that I watched, during a considerable portion of the night, or are you playing upon my credulity, Miss Haydon?"

Eleanor dropped the bud she had just gathered, and began to survey the speaker curiously.

"Cousin Max, I calculate, as they say in your country, that you must have *seen something!*"

"I am not going to contradict you," he answered dryly.

The young lady stifled a laugh.

"Then I was right; you have been honored with a visit from one of the spectres of the Abbey. In what shape? Do tell me? Was it a feminine one!—white or gray? Wore it a head on its shoulders, or tucked under its arm? Now, don't disappoint me by saying that you saw nothing more than a spectral face, or a shadow hand, or the tilting of a table; or I shall be quite provoked. I have so longed to know some one who has really and truly beheld a *bona fide* ghost!"

"Perhaps I cannot tell you more than you already know," said Max, with a keen look at her amused face.

"But I know nothing; how should I? Are you only joking? Was it a dream, after all?"

"Certainly not; and it would tax all your ingenuity, lady fair, to make me think it one."

"I shall not try; at all events, till you have given me the fullest particulars," Eleanor replied. "Let us sit down here, and pray tell me everything you saw, thought, or imagined. I am rather sceptical, but still I promise not to laugh, if I can help it."

"You speak as if you really are in ignorance of what I mean," Max told her; "and yet I think you played the spectre yourself."

Eleanor stared at him, laughed heartily, and then grew very serious.

"Now I feel sure you must have been in earnest, or you would not look at me so oddly!" she exclaimed. "Pray tell me why you bring such an absurd accusation against me? On my honor, I never quitted my chamber after I bade mamma good-night at the door, until I was aroused this morning by the breakfast bell."

"If I must believe you——" Max began.

"If! Is it possible that you doubt my word?" she retorted, so indignantly, that he hastened to apologize.

"I have done you, injustice my dear cousin. I ought to have known from the beginning that you would not be guilty of such unfeminine, such ungenerous conduct!"

"Never mind me," cried Eleanor, with impatience; "tell me all."

"Is Mr. Penruan in the habit of walking in his sleep?" Max queried.

"I don't know," she answered, astonished at the abruptness of the question. "What signifies if he is? Surely you do not mean to imply that *he* is your ghost? I thought you said it was of my own sex."

"To the best of my belief," Max assented. "It was while watching Mr. Penruan for fear he would wander away, or unconsciously do himself some injury, that I saw the apparition of which I spoke."

An incredulous smile began to play around Eleanor's mouth.

"The shadows of night are deceptive, Monsieur Max. Are you quite, *quite* sure that it was not the portrait of one of your ancestresses that you mistook for a spiritual visitant?"

"You forget," he retorted, "that I do not deal in spiritualism; but if I did, I should still inquire whether our ancestresses leave such traces of their presence as this?"

He drew from his pocket-book the scrap of lace, and laid it in her hand.

"It is not mine!" she answered, after carefully examining it. "I have none of that pattern. Where did you find it? Pray tell me all the particulars!"

Max now related his nocturnal adventure from beginning to end, Eleanor listening with the greatest attention.

"It is very strange!" she said, when he paused. "I cannot understand it at all. There is but one person in the Abbey whom I can suspect, and she would not dare—— No, no; it cannot be! I will question her! but I feel positive what her answer will be; unless," she added, with an air of relief, "she, too, was watching over Mr. Penruan's safety."

"In that case, why fly from me?"

"Surprise at your unexpected appearance might have induced her to do that," was the reply.

"But why was this woman endeavoring to lead Mr. Penruan to the lower part of the house, instead of simply guiding him back to his own room?"

As Eleanor could not answer this query, he put to her another.

"Who is the person on whom your suspicions have fallen?"

"An old and attached servant, who has been with us so many years and served us so faithfully, that I feel ashamed to doubt her good intentions, even if appearances are against her. However, I will speak to her about this extraordinary affair, and you shall know the result."

"What is this woman's name?" asked Max, suddenly.

"Morrison. She is a widow, who, losing her own child in its infancy, came to nurse me in mine, and has lived with us ever since, in one capacity or another."

"I should like see her," said Max. "I fancy I could identify my ghost by her height and figure."

"You shall see her," said Eleanor; "but there is something so ludicrous in the idea of our reserved, staid old nurse playing such pranks as you describe, that I cannot help laughing when I think of it. Have you said anything to Mr. Penruan about his midnight ramble?"

"Not yet," was the answer. "Shall I?"

"Just as you please. It may be as well to warn him that he walks in his sleep, although, were the case mine, I should prefer to be left in ignorance. Only imagine the horror of waking and finding oneself on the roof of the Abbey, or pacing the edge of the cliffs! Do you know the opera of 'La Sonnambula,' my cousin?"

"I saw it once at San Francisco, and shall never forget the thrill of horror that seized me when *Amina* appeared!"

"I am not surprised," Eleanor replied. "Of all the tricks our brain plays us, sleep-walking is certainly the worst;" and she shuddered as she spoke.

Eleanor had nothing to conceal. Of that Max now felt so convinced that he wondered at himself for having suspected her at all. His remorse for the injustice he had done this young girl made him more eager than ever to please her, and gave an additional gentleness to his manner, that was always tender and chivalrous to her sex.

Instead of sauntering away that afternoon to smoke beneath the trees, and dream of Mistress Letty, he devoted himself to the amusement of his fair cousin. She could not help feeling gratified by his attentions, and their intimacy insensibly took a more confidential tone than it had hitherto worn, for how could she resist the frank, sunny good humor of her chivalrous companion, or be sad while he was so gay?

That day the formal Mr. Haveryng was entirely dropped, never to be resumed, and when heavy rains drove the young people into the house, they brought with them such light hearts, and such a fund of mirth and drollery, that Mrs Penruan forgot her nerves, and was seduced into laughing with them.

"If I had but a guitar," said Max, when Eleanor had been saucily questioning him about the Spanish ladies of South America, "I would teach you to dance a bolero, and rattle the castanets, like the dark-skinned donzellas you presume to quiz."

"Could not we make shift with a banjo?" the young lady demanded.

"Ay; but where could we get one?" queried Eleanor.

"I used to play the guitar a little," said Mrs. Penruan. "I nearly learned all my notes when I was young."

Some eager questioning elicited that the instrument on which the lady had made her musical essays was still in existence, and, after a great deal of searching, it was disinterred.

Max mended the broken strings, tuned it, thrummed an accompaniment to the Spanish songs he taught his pretty pupil, and then persuaded her to learn the steps of the graceful national dances in which he himself was an adept.

Her bright eyes glittering with excitement, her glowing face a deeper crimson

than usual, she was coquettishly waltzing round and round Max, when the door opened, and the Squire and a stranger appeared.

No one was disturbed by their entrance, for Mrs. Penruan was amused by watching the dancers, while they were absorbed in their performance, for Max had just struck a fuller chord on his guitar, and sank on one knee at the feet of the lady, rapidly giving her directions the while.

"Now you must avert your face and look coy, Eleanor. Stay; your attitude is too stiff. Ah! that's better! Now you yield me your hand; no, no, not so coldly; give it me as if you loved me. And now I kiss it, to slow music, in token that we are reconciled."

"Oh, Max! what an un-English proceeding!" exclaimed his laughing partner.

"Not at all," was the merry retort. "It's only the old, old story set with variations. Now I rise, and we express our mutual felicity in a valse movement. One, two, three; one, two, three."

But as they were whirling round the room to the music of their own voices, Eleanor caught a glimpse of the figures at the doorway, and hastily disengaged herself from the embrace of her partner.

"Charlie!" she murmured, in overwhelming confusion.

"Captain Renton, by Jove!" exclaimed Max.

CHAPTER XII.

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

Although neither of the waltzers felt conscious of having done aught of which they had reason to be ashamed, Captain Renton's appearance at such a critical moment was certainly embarrassing. But Eleanor caught the malicious smile on Mrs. Penruan's thin lips, and recovered her composure directly. It was she who was first to advance, and, with extended hand, greet the new comer.

"You are very welcome, Captain Renton. We heard you were on your way, but feared that the weather would prevent your joining us until to-morrow. Mamma, here is your old friend, Charles Renton?"

Max looked wonderingly at the speaker. She had grown very pale, and all her animation had vanished. She was no longer the wayward, impetuous creature who had alternately vexed and pleased him, but the graceful, stately young lady of polished society, giving the tips of her fingers to the guest, and blending with her courtesy a degree of reserve he had never seen her assume before.

With equal frigidity, Captain Renton bowed over the hand he just touched with his own, and, then dropping it, crossed the room to Mrs. Penruan, whom he accosted with all the cordiality of friendship.

"I am so glad to see you looking better my dear madam."

Mrs. Penruan shook her head dolefully. "You are very kind to say so, but I don't think I am any better, Charlie—Captain Renton, I should have said, but it is so difficult to forget that I knew you when you were a little curly-headed boy, romping gaily with my own children in our bungalow at Benares."

"Don't try to forget it," he answered. "It is pleasant to find that some one retains a kindly recollection of those pleasant old times."

"Indeed, we often talk about you, Eleanor and I——" the lady began, but her daughter frowned and interposed.

"Mamma, you have neglected to introduce our cousin, Max. Captain Renton, Mr. Haveryng."

The young officer moved a step from Mrs. Penruan's couch, and drew himself up. There was a resentful look in his eyes as he bowed to Max, but he was too completely the gentleman to let his annoyance be visible in his manner.

"I believe I have had the honor of meeting Mr. Haveryng before, although I was not then made acquainted with the relationship of which Miss Haydon speaks. A cousin, I think you said?"

"Max is Mr. Penruan's cousin," the young lady explained.

"Max?" Captain Renton repeated, inquiringly. "Oh! I beg your pardon. I did not quite understand. You mean Mr. Haveryng?"

"Eleanor and this young kinsman of mine are such very good friends, that they have done away with all such formalities," said the Squire in his ear; and Charles Renton set his teeth firmly together, but made no reply.

"I am so glad you have come," Mrs. Penruan observed. "You are just in time for the croquet party we were thinking of giving. It's a sort of thing I'm scarcely equal to, but for Eleanor's sake and Mr. Haveryng's——Did you speak, dear John?"

The Squire had muttered something so very like an oath that he did not care to repeat it; but, seating himself in an easy chair, he turned to Eleanor, "Pray don't let us interrupt your dancing. I daresay Captain Renton will be as pleased to see it as I shall."

"You are very kind!" she answered ironically. "I'm quite ready to practice the last step again. What does Max say?"

"Max says he shall be very glad if Captain Renton will take his place," the Californian gaily replied. "I cannot do justice to my partner when I have to play as well as waltz."

"After all, I believe I am too tired," said Eleanor, leaning back on her seat and fanning herself. "I am sorry, though, to disappoint you of your anticipated amusement, Mr. Penruan—very sorry!"

Captain Renton took the fan out of the young lady's hand, and as he cooled her burning cheeks with it, he contrived to say a few words unheard by the rest.

"I thought you never waltzed, Miss Haydon?"

"Did you?" she answered, coldly.

"The last time—I'm afraid I must say *the only time*, we met at a ball in this neighborhood, you refused me your hand for a round dance on that very plea."

"You have an excellent memory, Captain Renton, for everything but—a friend's advice."

"I understand the taunt," he replied, "You are alluding to your having counselled me not to come to Penruan again. Had you told me why you said this—had you frankly admitted that it was because the heart I sought to win was given to another—I should have obeyed you. As it is——"

"As it is," she replied, "you come here to pain yourself, and misunderstand me, as you have often done before. Is it wise to do this? Is it generous?"

"Am I, then, positively hateful to you?" he demanded. "Time was, Eleanor, that you liked me well enough—that you always had a smile for me when I came, and a tear when I left you."

"Yes, when we were foolish children," she answered with forced gaiety. "But, my dear Captain Renton, you must be ridiculously sentimental to recall such nonsense! If I felt inclined, I could repeat to you scores of such reminiscences. Don't you remember the halcyon hours when we ate bon-bons together, and I cried because you had the largest orange? Charming recollections!"

"Of course they are not so entertaining as it must be to dance boleros with Mr. Haveryng, and listen to his wonderful adventures, to the music of his guitar!"

"Max is a very agreeable companion," said Eleanor, aggravatingly.

"Who dares doubt that? He has succeeded in making Miss Haydon forget the modest dignity of an English lady, and suffer herself to be posed in attitudes by his audacious hands?"

Eleanor rose, haughtily exclaiming, "Sir! Who gives you the right to censure my conduct? You are too officious, Captain Renton."

She swept away with the air of an offended empress, and the young officer, with difficulty retaining his self-command, turned to converse with Mr. Penruan till the hour for retiring.

"Don't let my early habits influence you young men, if you would prefer to stay up a little longer and have a smoke," the Squire said, with unusual urbanity. "You have your own cigars of course, and the butler can brew you some whisky toddy, if you wish it."

Much to his satisfaction, the latter offer was declined, and, bidding them good night, he went away, leaving Max and Charles Renton together.

It was by no means an amicable face that the latter turned towards his companion when the Squire had closed the door, but Max was picking up some vesuvians he had let fall, and did not perceive it.

"Mr. Haveryng, I have such an insuperable objection to being duped," were the words that made him look up, wonderingly, "such a decided aversion to hypocrisy in any form, that we had better come to an understanding at once."

"By all means," said Max, readily, "for, at the present moment, I don't comprehend what you are aiming at."

"I'll soon explain myself. When I met you in town, you pretended ignorance of the Penruan family. You did your best to draw me on, and learn my position with regard to my friends, and it is plain that you have shaped your own course accordingly. These may be Californian tactics, sir; they may be amongst the clever dodges on which your countrymen pride themselves; but permit me to tell you that they don't recommend themselves to English gentlemen."

"If I did not tell you that I am related to John Penruan——" Max began, but Captain Renton immediately stopped him.

"You need not trouble yourself to make any half explanations. I have seen quite enough to know that you have contrived to ingratiate yourself both with the Squire and Miss Haydon. You have gained your ends, never mind how dishonorably; that's no one's affair but your own, as I dare say you'll tell me; and it is not worth while to go through the farce of making lame apologies to me that mean nothing."

"Apologies, indeed!" cried Max, irately. "Why should I make any to you for what I do?"

"Why, indeed! I should as soon think of asking your pardon for calling you a hypocritical blackguard, and regretting that I cannot very well thrash you as long as you are under this roof."

"Thrash *me*!" and the lithe broad-shouldered Californian flung back his head, and surveyed his antagonist defiantly. But his good-humor soon returned.

"That is rather tall talk, isn't it, Captain Renton? I'm not answerable to you, I believe, for anything I do; but if I had really given you cause to feel aggrieved, I should not hesitate to acknowledge it."

"I am very well aware," the Captain stiffly interposed, "that you have the advantage, and I have no doubt you intend to keep it. After so much diplomacy as you must have exercised, I expect nothing else."

"Is it because Miss Haydon and I are on friendly terms that you find such fault with me?" queried Max; and Charles Renton leaped towards him angrily, exclaiming,—

"How dare you take her name on your lips? How dare you boast to me of the favor she shows you?"

But the hand that was extended to clutch Max by the throat was seized in a grasp of iron, and firmly put back.

"Enough, Captain Renton, enough! I'm not going to disgrace myself by brawling with my kinsman's guest in my kinsman's house; neither am I going to expose myself to further insult by offering to you again the explanation you have already refused. I'll wish you good night."

And Max stalked away, very much annoyed at the change that had come over the pleasant gentlemanly young fellow, whom he had been so eager to know more intimately.

"He is a conceited fool!" was his first decision, "who begrudges me one of pretty Eleanor's kind looks. Yet no; I judge him too harshly. If he loves her, how can I wonder that he feels maddened by the coldness of the reception she gave him? Does she return his affection? There was not a sign of it in her manner; on the contrary, she treated him as if he were an unwelcome intruder. Is it caprice that actuates her, or is she really as indifferent to him as she appears?"

Then Max recollected the advice Mr. Penruan had given him with regard to his step-daughter, and rendered rather consciously. Was it possible that Eleanor was ready to be won, and by him?

But this thought was banished as soon as it arose. She was too frank, too sisterly in her regard, to entertain deeper feelings, and declaring to himself that she was an enigma, Max went to sleep.

On the morrow he and Captain Renton treated each other with a politeness so elaborate that Mr. Penruan chuckled to himself and rubbed his hands pleasantly, while Eleanor glanced under her long eyelashes, first at one, and then at the other, and bit her full red lip. As soon as breakfast was over, she mentioned her own intention of spending the morning in the fairy cave, but neither of the gentlemen offered to accompany her thither. Captain Renton had already made arrangements for a day's fishing, and Max said something about keeping an engagement with the old Lieutenant, who had offered to introduce him to some of the caverns on the coast, that could only be entered from a boat.

And so the party separated, Max carrying the lightest heart of them all, for was he not to have Letty's note this evening—that little missive on which he built such extravagant hopes?

The Lieutenant proved a most entertaining companion, and the vigorous arm of the young Californian pulled the light skiff into some of the fairest caves that lay upon that wild and rocky shore. But as the evening drew on he grew so abstracted, so restless, that at last the old man cried, good humoredly, "There go along with you, Mr. Haveryng; my stories are wasted on you to-night. The next time you come, bring the *belle* of Penruan with you, and, my life on't, I shall get a more patient hearing."

But Max had no desire to return to the Abbey until he had been to Dan Calynack's cottage; and, excusing himself to his host on the plea that he had a headache, he strolled away to St. Erne, and lingered on the most secluded part of the beach, till the sun went down, and the hour arrived at which Esther bade him seek the letter.

As he passed round the end of the cottage, some one within flung a handful of dry wood on the fire. It blazed up brightly, and in that brief moment he caught a glimpse of a figure in deep mourning standing on the hearth.

It was Letty herself, and, half wild with joy, he bounded towards the porch. Here the shadows were so deep that he did not perceive that a man was crouching within it in a listening attitude, until he came in violent contact with him.

Before he could apologize, this man had picked himself up and silently walked away; but as he went, Max recognized the stooping figure, the stealthy, hesitating step, and knew that it was Mr. Penruan.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE PHILOSOPHER'S PENDULUM --A TALE FROM GERMANY.

BY RUDOLPH LINDAU.

CHAPTER II.

"I HAVE ALWAYS LOVED YOU."

Warren spent another week in Leipzig with his friend. No man was easier to live with—to every suggestion of Hermann's he invariably answered, "Very well;" and if Hermann proposed nothing, he was quite content to remain seated in a comfortable arm-chair by the fireside, holding a book which he scarcely looked at, and watching the long rolls of smoke from his pipe. He disliked new acquaintances; nevertheless the friends to whom Hermann introduced him found in him a quiet, unobtrusive, and well-informed companion. He pleased everybody. There was something strange and yet attractive in his person; there was a "charm" about him, people said. Hermann felt the attraction without being able to define in what it consisted. Their former friendship had been renewed unreservedly. The kind of fascination that Warren exercised over all those who approached him, often led Hermann to think that it was not unlikely that in his youth he had inspired a real love in Ellen Gilmore.

One evening Hermann took his friend to the theatre, where a comic piece was being performed. In his young days Warren had been very partial to plays of that kind, and his joyous peals of laughter on such occasions still rang in the ears of his friend. But the attempt was a complete failure. Warren watched the performance without showing the slightest interest, and never even smiled. During the opening scene he listened with attention, as though he were assisting at some performance of the legitimate drama; then as if he could not understand what was going on before his eyes, he turned away with a wearied air and began looking at the audience. When at the close of the second act, Hermann proposed that they should leave the house, he answered readily:

"Yes, let us go; all this seems very stupid—we will be much better at home. There is a time for all things, and buffoonery suits me no longer."

There was nothing left in Warren of the friend that Hermann had known fifteen years before. He loved him none the less; on the contrary, to his affection for him had been superadded a feeling of deep compassion. He would have made great sacrifices to secure his friend's happiness, and to see a smile light up the immovable features and the sorrowful dullness of the eye. His friendly anxiety had not been lost upon Warren; and when the latter took his leave, he said, with emotion:

"You wish me well, my old friend, I see it and feel it, and, believe me I am grateful. We must not lose sight of each other again; I will write regularly."

A few days later Hermann received a letter for his friend. It was an American letter, and the envelope was stamped with the initials "E. H." They were those of Ellen Howard, the heroine of Warren's sad history. He forwarded the letter immediately, and wrote at the same time to his friend—"I hope the inclosed brings you good news from America." But in his reply Warren took no notice of this passage, and made no allusion to Ellen. He only spoke of the new house in which he had just settled himself—"to end," as he said, "his days," and he pressed Hermann to come and join him. The two friends at last agreed to pass Christmas and New Year's Day together; but when December came, Warren urged his friend to hasten his arrival.

"I do not feel well," he wrote, "and am often so weary that I stay at home all day. I have made no acquaintances, and, most likely, will make none. I am alone. Your society would give me great pleasure. Come, your room is ready, and will be, I trust, to your liking. There is a large writing-table and tolerably well-filled bookshelves; you can write there quite at your ease, without fear of disturbance. Come as soon as possible, my dear friend. I am expecting you impatiently."

Hermann happened to be at leisure, and was able to comply with his friend's wish, and to go to him in the first week of December. He found Warren looking worn and depressed. It was in vain he sought to induce him to consult a physician.

Warren would reply:

"Doctors can do nothing for my complaint. I know where the shoe pinches. A physician would order me probably to seek relaxation and amusement, just as he would advise a poor devil whose blood is impoverished by bad food to strengthen himself with a generous diet and good wine. The poor man could not afford to get the good living, and I do not know what could enliven or divert me. Travel? I like nothing so well as sitting quietly in my arm-chair. New faces? They would not interest me—yours is the only company I prefer to solitude. Books? I am too old to take pleasure in learning new things, and what I have learned has ceased to interest me. It is not always easy to get what might do one good, and we must take things as they are."

Hermann noticed, as before, that his friend ate little, but that, on the other hand, he drank a great deal. The sincere friendship he felt for him emboldened him to make a remark on the subject.

"It is true," said Warren. "I drink too much; but what can I do? Food is distasteful to me, and I must keep up my strength somehow. I am in a wretched state; my health is ruined."

One evening, as the two friends were seated together in Warren's room, while the wind and sleet were beating against the window-panes, the invalid began of his own accord to speak about Ellen.

"We now correspond regularly," he said. "She tells me in her last letter that she hopes soon to see me. Do you know, Hermann, that she is becoming an enigma for me? It is very evident that she does not treat me like other people, and I often wonder and ask myself what I am in her eyes? What does she feel towards me? Love? That is inadmissible. Pity, perhaps? This, then, is the end of my grand dreams—to be an object of pity? I have just answered her letter to say that I am settled here with the fixed intention of ending my useless existence in quiet and idleness. Do you remember a scene in Henry Heine's 'Reisebilder,' when a young student kisses a pretty girl, who lets him have his own way and makes no great resistance, because he has told her—'I will be gone to-morrow at dawn, and I will never see you again?' The certainty of never seeing a person again gives a man courage to say things that otherwise he would have kept hidden in the most secret depths of his being. I feel that my life is drawing to a close. Do not say no, my dear friend; my presentiments are certain. I have written it to Ellen. I have told her other things besides. What folly! All I have ever done has been folly or chimera. I end my life logically, in strict accordance with my whole Past, by making my first avowal of love on my deathbed. Is not that as useless a thing as can be?"

Hermann would have wished to know some particulars about this letter; but Warren replied somewhat vaguely, "If I had a copy of my letter, I would show it to you willingly. You know my whole story, and I would not be ashamed to lay before you my last act of folly. I wrote about a fortnight ago, when I felt sure that death was drawing near. I was in a fever, not from fear—Death gains but little by taking my life—but from a singular species of excitement. I do not remember what were the words I used. Who knows? Perhaps this last product of my brain may have been quite a poetical performance. Never mind! I do not repent of what I have done; I am glad that Ellen should know at last that I have loved her silently and hopelessly. If that is not disinterested, what is?" he added, with a bitter smile.

Christmas went by sadly. Warren was now so weak that he could scarcely leave his bed for two or three hours each day. Hermann had taken upon himself to send for a doctor, but this latter had scarcely known what to prescribe. Warren was suffering from no special malady; he was dying of exhaustion. Now and then, during a few moments, which became daily more rare and more brief, his vivacity would return; but the shadow of Death was already darkening his mind.

On New Year's eve he got up very late. "We will welcome in the New Year," he said to Hermann. "I hope it may bring you happiness; I know it will bring me rest." A few minutes before midnight, he opened the piano, and played with solemnity, as if it had been a chorale, a song of Schumann's entitled, "To the Drinking-cup of a departed Friend." Then, on the first stroke of midnight, he filled two glasses with some old Rhenish wine, and raised his own glass slowly. He was very pale, and his eyes were shining with feverish light. He was in a state of strange and fearful excitement. He looked at the glass which he held and repeated a verse of the song which he had been playing. "The vulgar cannot understand what I see at the bottom of this cup." Then, at one draught, he drained the full glass.

While he was thus speaking and drinking he had taken no notice of Hermann, who was watching him with consternation. Recovering himself at length, he exclaimed, "Another glass, Hermann! To friendship!" He drained this second glass, like the first, to the very last drop; and then, exhausted by the effort he had made, he sank heavily on a chair. Soon after, Hermann led him, like a sleepy child, to his bed.

During the days that followed, he was unable to leave his room; and the doctor thought it right to warn Hermann that all the symptoms seemed to point to a fatal issue.

On the 8th of January a servant from the hotel in the little neighboring town brought a letter, which, he said, required an immediate answer. The sick man was then lying almost unconscious. Hermann broke the seal without hesitation, and read as follows:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND.—A visit to Europe which my father had long planned, has at last been undertaken. I did not mention it to you, in order to have the pleasure of surprising you. On reaching this place I learn that the illness of which you spoke in your last letter has not yet left you. Under these circumstances, I will not venture to present myself without warning you of my arrival, and making sure you are able to receive me. I am here with my brother, who, like myself, would not come so near to you without seeing you. My father has gone on to Paris, where Francis and I will join him in a few days.

"ELLEN."

Hermann, after one instant's thought, took up his hat and dismissed the messenger, saying he would give the answer himself. At the hotel he sent in his card, with the words, "From Mr. Warren," and was immediately ushered into Ellen's presence.

She was alone. Hermann examined her rapidly. He saw an extremely beautiful woman, whose frank and fearless eyes were fixed on him with a questioning look.

Hermann had not frequented the society of women much, and was usually rather embarrassed in their presence. But on this occasion he thought only of his friend, and found no difficulty in explaining the motive of his visit. He told her his friend was ill—very ill—dying—and that he had opened the letter addressed to Warren. Ellen did not answer for some time; she seemed not to have understood what she had heard. After a while her eyes filled with tears, and she asked whether she could see Mr. Warren. On Hermann answering in the affirmative, she further inquired whether her brother might accompany her.

"Two visitors might fatigue the invalid too much," said Hermann; "your brother may come later."

"Are you not afraid that my visit may tire him?"

"I do not think so; it will make him very happy."

Ellen only took a few minutes to put on her hat and cloak, and they started. The short journey was accomplished in silence. When they reached the house, Hermann went in first to see how the dying man was. He was lying in his bed, in the delirium of fever, muttering incoherent sentences. Nevertheless he recognised Hermann, and asked for something to drink. After having allayed his thirst, he closed his eyes, as if to sleep.

"I have brought you a friend," said Hermann, "will you see him?"

"Hermann? He is always welcome."

"No; it is a friend from America."

"From America?——— I lived there many years.——— How desolate and monotonous were the shores I visited!——"

"Will you see your friend?"

"I am carried away by the current of the river. In the distance I see dark and shadowy forms; there are hills full of shade and coolness,———but I will never rest there."

Hermann retired noiselessly, and returned almost immediately with Ellen.

Warren, who had taken no notice of him, continued to follow the course of his wandering thoughts.

"The river is drawing near to the sea. Already I can hear the roar of the waves——— The banks are beginning to be clothed with verdure.——— The hills are drawing nearer.——— It is dark now. Here are big trees beneath which I have dreamed so often. A radiant apparition shines through their foliage.——— It comes towards me. ———Ellen!"

She was standing beside the bed. The dying man saw her, and without showing the least surprise, said with a smile, "Thank God! you have come in time. I knew you were coming."

He murmured a few unintelligible words, and then remained silent for a long while. His eyes were wide open. Suddenly he cried, "Hermann!"

Hermann came and stood beside Ellen.

"The pendulum.——— You know what I mean?" A frank, childish smile—the smile of his student days—lighted up his pallid face. He raised his right hand, and tracing in the air with his forefinger a wide semicircle, to imitate the oscillation of a pendulum, he said, "Then." He then figured in the same manner a more limited and slower movement, and after repeating it several times, said, "Now." Lastly, he pointed straight before him with a motionless and almost menacing finger, and said, with a weak voice, "Soon."

He spoke no more, and closed his eyes. The breathing was becoming very difficult.

Ellen bent over him, and called him softly, "Henry, Henry!" He opened his eyes. She brought her mouth close to his ear, and said, with a sob, "I have always loved you."

"I knew it from the first," he said, quietly and with confidence.

A gentle expression stole over his countenance, and life seemed to return. Once more he had the confident look of youth. A sad and beautiful smile played on his lips; he took the hand of Ellen in his, and kissed it gently.

"How do you feel now?" inquired Hermann.

The old answer, "Very well."

His hands were plucking at the bedclothes, as if he strove to cover his face with them. Then his arms stiffened and the fingers remained motionless.

"Very well," he repeated.

He appeared to fall into deep thought. There was a long pause. At last he turned a dying look, fraught with tender pity and sadness, towards Ellen, and in a low voice, which was scarcely audible, he said these two words, with a slight emphasis on the first.—"*Perfectly* well."

THE END.

EFFIE DEAN'S STORY.

I was a little child, a very little child, when I first saw Ernest Lee. I remember what happiness his coming gave me. I had been banished to the garret for some childish misdemeanor, and was looking from the window, gloomily enough, when a hand was lightly laid upon my shoulder. I uttered a cry of fright, and turned to see the intruder; but my terror quickly vanished when I saw the pleasant face of Ernest Lee—for this was his name he told me—before I could say "Who are you?"

Soon we were talking in the most confidential manner, and I felt that I had known Ernest all my life. It seemed the most natural thing in the world that he should have come. I did not ask him why he came—what claims he had upon me, etc., but what came to me as an after-revelation I may as well tell my readers now.

Edward Lee, the father of Ernest, and Reuben Dean, my father, were firm friends at college, and their friendship continued in spite of a great difference in their pursuits, until the death of Edward Lee, which occurred two years before my story begins. My father was appointed Ernest's guardian; but, as Mrs. Lee was living it had not been necessary for my father to trouble himself much with his ward. On the present occasion, Ernest had come to spend a three months vacation with us, and oh! how happy I was all that time. He was so kind, so gentle, so good!

In all Ernest's walks and rides I was his companion, and he was always planning something pleasant for "dear little Effie."

And this was not all; boy as he was, and child though I was, he taught me many little life-lessons, and in after years I realized with a thankful heart how much Ernest Lee had done for me.

* * * * * *

Changes are but the natural result of the world's organism, yet we never grow used to them. Childhood is ever leaping into youth: youth is ever marching into manhood, and manhood gliding into old age. Yet we look about us with wonder at all this; and especially does the greatest change of all come upon us unawares—the greatest change of all, death!

And it was so with me. My mother was for many years an invalid, hardly ever able to give me the maternal care I so much needed. But I grew accustomed to her pale, thin face and feeble voice. She never spoke to me of an early bereavement or even of death in any form. Her conversations was always cheerful, and it was the bright, joyful picture of Heaven and of holy things that caused me early to become a child of God.

On the morning of my tenth birthday, I was very happy, for I had looked forward to this day with an anxious heart. Then I would be as old as Ernest was when he came to visit me, and the childish fancy had taken possession of me that in some unaccountable way, I would at that age become more like my dear friend.

On that eventful day, I arose very early—much earlier than was my custom. With a heart full of thankfulness I performed my morning devotions, then taking a little book which Ernest had sent me, I ran lightly downstairs. In the hall I met my father. His face was tear-stained and haggard. As I drew near, he drew me silently to him in a close embrace. I knew it all. My mother, oh, my mother!

I looked at the pale face, so beautiful in death, and said:

"Father, she has not changed at all."

"Oh, yes, my daughter, she has changed into an angel of Christ."

"Then, father, why can she not come and take Ernest and you and me to her home in Heaven?"

"My darling, our lives are in God's hands; let us live with Christ on earth, waiting his own good time to call for us."

* * * * * *

Ernest Lee grew to manhood in another country—in his mother's native land—*la belle France*—while I was still a girl. Mrs. Lee had always yearned for her loved home across the sea, and gladly she obeyed the summons of her brother to come and preside over the dear old place where she was born.

Frequent letters passed between Ernest and myself. The boy's letters, the man's letters,—yet the same Ernest in all. He called me, even in his manhood, his "dear little Effie," and signed himself, "affectionately, Ernest Lee."

I write this in order that I may not be regarded as building my hopes entirely upon the sand, my hopes that Ernest would one day tell me that I was all in all to him. I fully believed that the day would come when I would be the wife of Ernest Lee, and believing this, whether foolishly or not, I was happy.

I daily exerted myself in the improvement of all my educational opportunities in order that I might not disappoint Ernest. I cultivated my taste for music, for flowers and for dress, perhaps, not entirely for Ernest, for I loved my father; but I must confess that I would have come far short of what I have attained, had I not expected to become the wife of "the noblest man, and most perfect gentleman in existence." As such I esteemed Ernest Lee.

Lovers came to me and sought my hand. —I will not say how many. Sufficient that there were some.

To the credit of my womanhood, as the world goes, I could have been a married woman, at a very early age, had I so chosen.

I was not a coquette. I did not trifle with men's hearts, and cast them aside. It caused me much unhappiness to deny what seemed to my suitors such a priceless boon.

My father was very proud of me. His wealth had afforded me many advantages, and I had grown to be what the world called, "such a charming creature." I was not vain; but glad at heart, that this was so, because I belonged to Ernest.

One day my father came to me, a little while after Robert Barlow left me.

"My daughter!" said he, "Robert Barlow is a model young man, don't you think so?"

"Yes, father, said I, blushing; "he is very intelligent, and I *did* enjoy his company very much."

"*Did* enjoy, Effie? Why do you speak in the past tense?"

"Because, father dear, he wishes to be more than a friend—as such I liked him, but I cannot regard him in any other light."

"Effie, my darling," said my father gravely, "do not imagine that I wish you to marry whether you feel so inclined or not. Neither do I think this your last chance; even if it were, that in itself ought not to determine you to accept; but I am puzzled to know why you cannot be Robert Barlow's wife. Have you fully decided Effie? Have you given Robert his final answer?"

"Yes, sir," said I in much agitation. "Oh, father, do not speak of my marrying, please."

I was afraid that his next question would cause me to reveal my secret. My father shook his head gravely, and was silent. Just then Robert Barlow rode up to the gate. He had been to the neighboring village for his mail, and as his way lay past our house he brought ours also, as he often did.

"Here, Miss Effie," he said, as he came up the walk, "is a letter for your father from your dear friend Ernest Lee; you see I know his handwriting, and the foreign postmark. It is no doubt, sir," he said, turning to my father, "a proposal to you for your daughter's hand."

"Mr. Barlow, how can you?" said I rising hastily, and leaving to hide my emotion.

"Excuse me, Mr. Dean," I could hear Mr. Barlow say, "I spoke unguardedly; but really, if he does not soon propose for your daughter, I shall write him an anonymous letter, asking him why he does not do so. I cannot be wrong, Mr. Dean—Miss Effie cannot be satisfied with us poor fellows, whose faults are before her eyes, when there is in her memory a boy who once played with and loved her, a noble boy, I do not doubt, who has grown to manhood, still loving her, whether in that passionate way that I love her, I cannot tell. I am certain of this, Mr. Dean, that Miss Effie loves him as I wish she loved me. Whatever faults he may have she sees them not. To her he is a perfect man."

I was in the parlor, and I heard all through the open window. I did not mean to listen; but Robert Barlow talked loud and excitedly. I could not hear my father's words, as he replied, for he spoke very low.

"Then he knows it," said I, to myself—"my secret." And never till I heard Robert Barlow's words, had I thought there was a doubt of Ernest's love for me!

I kept still for I thought my father would give me the letter to read. I waited some time for him to call me, and becoming impatient I walked out upon the porch; but my attention was somewhat diverted by a carriage halting at the gate.

"Effie," said my father, hastily, and handing me the letter, "this was delayed; Ernest and his wife have arrived."

"His wife!" Was I dreaming? Could it be? I could not realize it, and it was better so. With my head in a whirl I went forward to meet our visitors. Ernest took both my hands in his saying, "Effie, my dear little girl! Can it be—little Effie a woman?" and with both hands still clasping mine, he drew me towards her—his beautiful wife. "This is our little Effie. Effie, this is my wife, Laura Lee."

From the first I loved Ernest's wife, she was so charming; worthy in every way of my noble friend. And I—— I was simply mistaken. My love was an ideal love; and I did not regret it; I was not ashamed; I was, perhaps, only the more fitted to be the wife of a noble man, for constant striving to be worthy of Ernest.

There was a new light in my eye that night when I bade Robert good-bye. He told me so afterwards, and it encouraged him to come again.

* * * * * *

A young Ernest Lee is playing by my side. He is none the less dear for the *Barlow* at the end of his name, nor am I the less happy to sign myself—EFFIE DEAN BARLOW.

SELFISHNESS.

There are some characters that possess an inexpressible charm in their manner, a something which attracts our love instantaneously; without wealth, rank, or talents, still a dignity hovers round them and ennobles every action. What is it? How shall we define it? Simply thus: They have a freedom from selfishness, by some extraordinary charter of nature. Though selfishness is the most common of all vices, yet such is our sense of its repugnance to moral beauty, that we are as much disgusted by those who do not conceal it, as if they were exhibiting the secret scars and deformities of their person.

A True Woman.

It is the duty of every true woman to look as beautiful as she can. It is her duty to brighten and gladden the world with her loveliness. If nature has denied them this power, it can be remedied by the use of a perfectly harmless beautifier of the skin known as George W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth," which will remove all discolorations, tan, freckles sunburns, and other cutaneous diseases from the skin, leaving it delicate, soft, smooth, clear and perfectly beautiful. Sold by druggists everywhere. Depot 6 Gold street, New York. Price 75 cents.

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

BY A. W. H.

Darlings of the forest!
Blossoming alone
When Earth's grief is surest
For her jewels gone—
Ere the last snow-drift melts, your tender buds have blown.

Tinged with color faintly,
Like the morning sky,
Or more pale and saintly,
Wrapped in leaves ye lie,
Even as children sleep in faith's simplicity.

There the wild wood-robin
Hymns your solitude,
And the rain comes sobbing
Through the budding wood,
While the low south winds sighs, but dare not be more rude.

Were your pure lips fashioned
Out of air and dew:
Starlight unimpassioned,
Dawn's most tender hue—
And scented by the woods that gathered sweets for you?

Fairest and most lonely,
From the world apart,
Made for beauty only,
Veiled from nature's heart,
With such unconscious grace as makes the dream of Art!

Were not mortal sorrow
An immortal shade,
Then would I to-morrow
Such a flower be made,
And live in the dear woods where my lost childhood played.

SIMPSON'S SNIPE.

"Who is Mr. Simpson?" asked my wife, tossing a letter across the breakfast table. This same little lady opens my correspondence with the *sang-froid* of a private secretary.

"Who is Mr. Simpson?" she repeated. "If he is as big as his monogram, we shall have to widen all the doors, and raise the ceilings, in order to let him in."

The monogram referred to resembled a pyrotechnic device. It blazed in all the colors of the rainbow, and twisted itself like the colored worsted in a young lady's first sampler.

"Simpson," I replied, in, I must confess, a tremulous sort of way, "is a very nice fellow, and a capital shot."

"I perceive that you have asked him to shoot."

"Only for a day and a night my dear."

"Only for a day and a night! And where is Willie to sleep, and where is Blossie to sleep? You know the dear children are in the strangers' rooms for change of air, and really I *must* say it is very thoughtless of you;" and my wife's *nez retroussé* went up at a very acute angle, whilst a general hardness of expression settled itself upon her countenance, like a plaster cast.

I had a bad case. I had been dining with my friend Captain De Britska. I had taken sherry with my soup, hock with my fish, and a nip of brandy before my claret. What I imbibed after the Lafitte I scarcely remember. Mr. Simpson was of the party, and sat next to me. He forced a succession of cigars into my mouth, and subsequently a mixture of tobacco, a special thing. (What smoker, by the way, hasn't a special thing in the shape of a mixture? what *gourmet* a special tip as regards salad-dressing?) We spoke of shooting. He asked me if I had any. I replied in the affirmative, expressing a hope that he would at some time or other practically discuss that fact. Somehow I was led into a direct invitation, and this was the outcome. I had committed myself beneath my friend's mahogany, and under the influence of my friend's generous wine. I was in a corner; and now, ye gods! I had to face Mrs. Smithe. There are moments when a man's wife is simply awful. Snugly intrenched behind the unassailable line of defence, duty, and with such "Woolwich Infants" as her children to hurl against you, which she does in a persistent remorseless way, she is a terror. No man, be he as brave as Leonidas or as cool as Sir Charles Coldstream, is proof against the partner of his bosom when she is on the rampage; and, as I have already observed, Mrs. S. was "end on."

"Another change will do the children good, Maria," I observed.

"Yes, I *suppose* so. It will do Willie's cold good to sleep in your dressing-room without a fire, won't it? and Blossie can have a bed made up in the bath. Is this Mr. Simpson married or single?"

Hinc illæ lachrymæ, I couldn't say. I never asked him.

"What does it matter?" I commenced, with a view to diplomatizing.

"Yes, but it does," she interposed. "If he is a respectable married man, which I very much doubt, he must have dear Willie's room."

"I'm very sorry that I asked him at all, Maria; but as he has been asked, and as I must drive over to meet him in a few minutes, for Heaven's sake make the best of it."

"O, of course; I receive my instructions and am to carry them out. All the trouble falls upon me, while you drive off to the station smoking a shilling cigar, when you know that every penny will be wanted to send Willie to Eton."

I got out of it somehow. Not that Mrs. S. was entirely pacified. She still preserved an armed neutrality; yet even this concession was very much to be coveted. She's a dear good little creature, but she has fiery moods occasionally; and I ask you, my dear sir, is she one whit the worse for it? How often does your good lady fly at *you* during the twenty-four hours? How often! The theme is painful. *Passons.*

My stained-wood trap was brought round by my man-of-all-work, Billy Doyle. Billy is a tight little "boy," over whose unusually large skull some fifty summers' suns have passed, scorching away his shock hair, and leaving only a few streaks, which he carefully plasters across his bald pate till they resemble so many cracks upon the bottom of an inverted china bowl. Billy is my factotum. He looks after my horse, dogs, gun, rod, pipes, and clothes, with a view to the reversion of the latter. He was reared, "man an' boy," on the estate, and is upon the most familiar yet respectful terms with the whole family. Billy continually lectures me, imparting his opinions upon all matters appertaining to my affairs, as though he were some rich uncle whose will in my favor was safely deposited with the family solicitor.

"We've twenty minutes to meet the train, Billy," I observed, giving the reins a jerk.

"Is it to ketch the tin-o'clock thrain from Dublin?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Begorra, ye've an hour! She's like yourself—she always late."

"There's a gentleman coming down to spend the day and shoot," I said, without noticing Billy's sarcasm.

"Shoot! Arrah, shoot what?"

"Why, snipe, plover—anything that may turn up."

"He jabbers, he'll have for to poach, thin."

"What do you mean, Billy?"

"Divil resave the feather there is betune this an' Ballybann; they're druv out av the cunthry."

"Nonsense, man, we'll get a snipe in Hooker's fields."

"Ye will, av ye sind to Dublin for it."

I felt rather down in the mouth, for I had during the season given unlimited permission to my surrounding neighbors to blaze away—a privilege which had been used, if not abused to the utmost limits. Scarce a day passed that we were not under fire, and on several occasions were in a state of siege, in consequence of a succession of raids upon the rookeries adjoining the house.

"We can try Mr. Pringle's woods, Billy."

"Yez had betther lave *thim* alone, or the coroner 'ill be afther havin' a job. Pringle wud shoot his father sooner nor be'd let a bird be touched."

"This is very awkward," I muttered.

"Awkward! sorra a shurer shake in Christiandom. It's crukkeder nor what happened to ould Major Morarity beyant at Sievenacullagh, that me father—may the heavens be his bed this day!—lived wud, man an' boy."

Billy was full of anecdote, and being anxious to pull my thoughts together, I mechanically requested him to let me hear all about the dilemma in which the gallant Major had found himself.

"Well, sir, th' ould Major was as dacent an ould gintleman as ever swallied a glass o' sperrits, and there was always lashins an' lavins beyant at the house. If ye wor hungry it was yerself that was for to blame, and if ye wor dhry, it wasn't be raisin av wantin' a *golliogue*. Th' ould leddy herself was aiqual to the Major, an' a hospitabler ould cupple didn't live the Shannon side o' Connaught. Well, sir, wan mornin' a letther cums, sayin' that some frind was comin' for to billet on thim.

"'Och, I'm bet!' says the Mrs. Moriarty.

"'What's that yer sayin' at all, at all?' says th' ould Major, 'who bet ye?' says he.

"'Shure, here's Sir Timothy Blake, and Miather Bodkin Bushe, an' three more comin,' says she, 'an' this is only Wednesday.'

"'Arrah, what the dickens has that for to say to it?' says the Major.

"'There's not as much fresh mate in the house as wud give a brequest to a blackbird,' says she; 'an' they all ate fish av a Friday, an' how are we for to get it all, at all? An' they'll be wantin' fish an' game.'

"'Ye see, sir," said Billy, "there was little or no roads in thim ould times, an' the carriers only crassed that way wanst a week.

"'We're hobbled shure enough,' said the Major, 'we're hobbled, mam,' says he, 'an' I wish they'd had manners to wait to be axed afore they'd come into a man's house,' he says.

"'Cudn't ye shoot somethin'?' says Mrs. Moriarty.

"'Shoot a haystack flyin', mam,' says the Major, for he was riz, an' whin he was riz the divil cudn't hould him; 'what is there for to shoot, barrin a saygull? an' ye might as well be atin' sawdust.'

"'I seen three wild-duck below on the pond,' she says.

"'Ye did on Tib's Eve!' says the Major.

"'Och, begorra, it's truth I'm tellin' ye,' she says; 'I seen thim this very mornin', when I was comin' from mass—an' be the same token,' says she, lukkin' out av the windy, 'there they are, rosy an' well.'

"'Then upon my conscience, mam,' roared the Major, 'if I don't hit thim I'll make thim lave that!'

"'So he ups an' loads an ould blunderbuss wud all soarts of combustibles, an' down he creeps to the edge av the wather, and hides in the long grass, for the ducks was heddin' for him. Up they cum; an' the minnit they wor within a cupple av perch he pulls the thrigger as bould as a ram, whin be the hokey smut it hot him a welt in the stummick that levelled him, an' med him feel as if tundher was inside av him rumblin'. He roared millia murder, for he thought he was kilt; but howsomever he fell soft an' aisy, an' he put out his hand for to see if he was knocked to bits behind, whin, begorra, he felt somethin' soft an' warm. 'Arrah, what the puck is this?' sez he; an' turnin' round, what was he sittin' on but an illigant Jack hare. 'Yer cotch *ma bouchal*,' sez he, 'an' yer as welkim as the flowers o' May.'"

"Wasn't that a twist o' luck, sir?" asked Billy, pausing to take breath.

"Not a doubt of it. But what became of the ducks?"

"Troth, thin, ye'll hear. The Major dhropped two av thim wud the cumbusticles in the blundherbuss, but th' ould mallard kep floatin' on the wather in a quare soart av a way, and yellin' murdher. When the Major kem nigh him, he seen that he was fastened like to somethin' under the wather; ah' whin he cotch him, what do you think he found? It's truth I'm tellin ye, an' no lie; he found the ramrod, that he neglected for to take out o' the gun, run right through th' ould mallard. Half av it was in the mallard, an' be the hole in me coat, th' other half was stuck in a lovely lump av a salmon; and the bould Major cotch thim both. 'Now,' said he, 'come on, Sir Tim an' the whole creel of yez, who's afeard?' An' I'm just thinkin', sir," said Billy, as we dashed into the railway yard, "that if ye don't get a slice av luck like Major Moriarty's, yer frind might as well be on the Hill o' Howth."

The force of Billy's remark riveted itself in my mind, and the idea of asking a man so long a distance to shoot nothing was very little short of an insult. Mr. Simpson arrived as we drove in, arrayed in an Ulster just imported from Inverness. His hat was new; his boots were new; his gloves awfully new, yellow and stiff, and forcing his fingers very far apart, as though his hands were wooden stretchers. His portmanteau, solid leather, was brand new; the very purse from which he extracted a new sixpence to tip the porter was of the same virgin type. He was mistaken for a bridegroom, and the fair bride was eagerly sought for by the expectant porter whilst removing a new rug from his compartment in which Mr. Simpson had been seated. To crown all this newness, his gun-case, solid leather, had never seen the open air till this day, and the iron which pressed upon it Mr. Rigby's brand could scarcely have had time to grow cold.

"Begorra, it's in the waxworks he ought for to be," muttered Billy Doyle, grimly surveying him from head to foot.

Mr. Simpson's thick moustache possessed a queer sort of curl, his nose too followed this pattern, so that his face somewhat resembled those three legs which are impressed upon a Manx coin. His eyes were long slits, with narrow lids, not unlike a cut in a kid glove; one of these eyes he kept open by means of an eyeglass. This eyeglass was perpetually dropping into his bosom and disappearing, never coming to the surface when required, and only coming up to breathe after a succession of prolonged and abortive dives.

"It's very cold," he exclaimed, grasping my hand, or rather endeavoring to grasp it, for the new gloves would admit of no loving contact.

"There's likker over beyant at the rifrishmint-bar," observed Billy, whose invariable habit it was to cut into the conversation with such comments as suggested themselves to him at the moment.

Perceiving an inclination on the part of my guest to profit by the hint, I interposed by informing him that the refreshment was of the meanest possible character, in addition to possessing a very inflammatory tendency.

"Thrue for ye, sir. The sperrits is that sthrong that it wud destroy warts, or burn the paint off av a hall durs."

"That will do, Billy," I said, as Simpson's face bore silent tokens of wonder at the garrulity of my retainer. "We don't require your opinion at present."

"Och, that's hapes, as Misses Dooley remarked whin she swallird the crab,' said Billy very sulkily, as he mounted behind.

"How is our friend, De Britska?" I asked.

"O, very well, indeed. He quite envied me my trip. He says your shooting is about the best thing in this part of the world."

"O, it's not bad," I replied, assuming an indifference that I was far from participating in; "but there are times when I assure—ha, ha! it may appear incredulous, that we cannot stir a single feather."

"Have you much snipe, Mr. Smithe?"

"Sorra a wan," replied Billy.

"Your gamekeeper?" asked Simpson, jerking his head in the direction of my retainer.

"My *factotum*. He is one of the family. A regular character, and I trust you will make allowances for him."

"I love characters. Depend upon it we shall not fall out."

Simpson chatted very agreeably, and very small. He had read the *Irish Times* during the rail journey, and was master of the situation. Some men take five-shillings-worth out of a penny paper. This was one of them. He had sucked it all in and the day's news was coming out through the pores of his skin. As a rule such men are to be avoided. The individual who persistently asks you "What news?" or "Is there anything new to-day?" is a wooden-headed gossiping bore, who cannot start an idea, and oils the machinery inside of his skull with the twopenny-halfpenny daily currency. Simpson spoke a great deal of the army, quoted the various changes mentioned in the day's *Gazette* with a vigor of memory that was perfectly astounding. Although personally unknown to the countrymen around me, he seemed thoroughly acquainted with their respective pedigrees, their intermarriages, their rent-rolls, and in fact with their most private concerns; so that before we reached our destination I knew considerably more of my neighbors than I, or my father before me, had ever known.

His shooting experiences were of the most extensive and daring character. He had tumbled tigers, stuck pigs, iced white bears, and ostracised ostriches. He had been in the tiger's mouth, on the boar's tusks, and in the arms of the bear. His detailed information on the subject of firearms was worthy of a gunmaker's pet 'prentice.

"I've shot with Greener's patent central-fire choke-bore, and I pronounce it a handy tool. Westley Richards has made some good instruments, and Purdy's performances are crack. I've taken down one of Rigby's with me, as I have some idea of experimentalizing; Rigby is a very safe maker. I expect to do some damage to-day, friend Smithe."

What a laughing-stock I should be, when this man unfolded the tale of his being decoyed into the country by a fellow who bragged about his preserves, upon which there wasn't a feather! Would I make a clean breast of it? would I say that—

Whilst this struggle was waging beneath my waistcoat we arrived, and there was nothing for it but to trust to luck and Billy Doyle.

When we alighted, I asked Simpson into the drawing-room, as his bed-chamber had not yet been allotted to him. My wife was still sulky and did not appear, so I had to discover her whereabouts.

"Simpson has arrived, my dear."

"I suppose so," very curtly.

"He is a very agreeable entertaining fellow."

"I suppose so," snap.

"Where have you decided on putting him?"

"In your dressing-room."

"My dressing-room?"

"Yes, your dressing-room. I wouldn't disturb the children for the Prince of Wales."

Now this was very shabby of my wife. My dressing-room was my *sanctum sanctorum*. There were my papers, letters, pipes, boots, knicknacks, all laid out with a bachelor's care, and each in its own particular place. To erect a bedstead meant an utter disturbance of my effects, which weeks could not repair, especially as regards my papers. I expostulated.

"There is no use in talking," said my wife; "the bed is put up."

Tableau.

Whilst my guest was engaged in washing his hands before luncheon, I held a conference with Billy Doyle with reference to the shooting, our line of country, and the tactics necessary to be pursued.

"Me opinion is that he is a *gommoch*. He doesn't know much. Av he cum down wud an old guncase that was in the wars, I'd be peckened; but with such a ginteel tool ye needn't fret. We'll give him a walk anyhow. He'll get a bellyful that will heart scald him."

"But the honor of the country is at stake, Billy. I asked Mr. Simpson to shoot, promising him good sport, and surely *you* are not going to let him return to Dublin to give us a bad name."

This appeal to Billy's feelings was well timed. He knew every fence and every nest in the barony, and it was with a view to putting things into a proper training, that I thus appealed to his better feelings.

Billy scratched his head.

"Begorra, he must have a bird if they're in it; but they're desperate wild, and take no ind of decoyin."

Simpson's politeness to my wife was unbounded. He professed himself charmed to have the honor of making her acquaintance, took her in to luncheon with as much tender care as though she had been a cracked bit of very precious china ware; invited her to partake of everything on the table, shoving the dishes under her chin, and advising her as to what to eat, drink, and avoid. He narrated stories of noble families with whom he was on the most intimate terms, and assured my wife that he was quite startled by her extraordinary likeness to Lady Sarah Macwhirter; which so pleased Mrs. S. that later on she informed me that as Blossie was so much better, she thought it would be more polite to give Mr. Simpson the blue bedroom.

I found this ardent sportsman very much inclined to dally in my lady's boudoir, in preference to taking the field, and encouraged this proclivity, in the ardent hope of escaping the shooting altogether, and thus save the credit of my so-called preserves. But here again I was doomed to disappointment. Mrs. S. who now began to become rather anxious about the domestic arrangements, politely but firmly reminded him of the object of his visit, and insisted upon our departing for the happy hunting-grounds at once. And at length, when very reluctantly he rose from the table, he helped himself to a stiff glass of brandy and water, in order, as he stated, "to steady his hand."

I must confess that I was rather startled when he announced his intention of shooting in his ulster. The idea of dragging this long-tailed appendage across ditches and over bogs appeared *outre*, especially as the pockets bulged very considerably, as though they were loaded with woollen wraps; but I was silent in the presence of one who had sought his quarry in the jungle, and shoved my old-fashioned idea back into the rusty lumber-room of my thoughts. Billy Doyle awaited us with the dogs at the stable gate. Those faithful animals no sooner perceived me than they set up an unlimited howling of delight; but instead of bounding forward to meet me, as was their wont, they suddenly stopped, as if struck by an invisible hand, and commenced to set at Simpson.

This extraordinary conduct of these dogs—there are no better dogs in Ireland—incensed Billy to fever heat.

"Arrah, what the puck are yez settin' at? Are yez mad or dhrunk? Whoop! gelang ow a that, Feltram! Hush! away wud ye, Birdlime!"

"Take them away; take them away!" cried Simpson, very excitedly. "I don't want them; I never shoot with dogs. Remove them, my man."

Billy caught Feltram, but Birdlime eluded his grasp; and having released Feltram and captured Birdlime, the former remained at a dead set, whilst the latter struggled with his captor, as though the lives of both depended on the issue.

"May the divil admire me," panted Billy, "but this bangs Banagher. Is there a herrin' stirrin,' or anything to set the dogs this way? It bates me intirely."

I naturally turned to my guest, who looked as puzzled as I did myself.

"I have it!" he cried; "it's the blood of the sperm-whale that's causing this."

"Arrah, how the blazes cud the blood av all the whales in Ireland make thim shupayrior animals set as if the birds were foreninst them?" demanded Billy, his arms akimbo.

"I will explain," said Simpson. "Last autumn I was up whaling off the coast of Greenland. We struck a fine fish; and after playing him for three-and-twenty hours, we got him aboard. Just as we were taking the harpoon out, he made one despairing effort and spurted blood; a few drops fell upon this coat, just here," pointing to the inside portion of his right-hand cuff, "and I pledge you my veracity no dog can withstand it. They invariably point; and I assure you, Smithe, you could get up a drag hunt by simply walking across country in this identical coat, built by John Henry Smalpage."

This startling and sensational explanation satisfied me. Not so my *factotum*, who gave vent in an undertone to such exclamations as "*Naboclish! Wirra, wirra!* What does he take us for? Whales, begorra!"

The riddance of the dogs was a grand *coup* for me. In the event of having no sport the failure could be easily accounted for, and I should come off with flying colors.

"I make it a point" observed Simpson, "to shoot as little with dogs as possible. I like to set my own game, shoot it, and bag it; nor do I care to be followed by troublesome and often impertinent self-opinionated gamekeepers" (Billy was at this moment engaged in incarcerating Feltram and Birdlime.) "These fellows are always spoilt, and never know their position."

I was nettled at this.

"If you refer to—"

"My dear Smithe, I allude to my friend Lord Mulligatawny's fellows, got up in Lincoln green and impossible gaiters, who insist upon loading for you and all that sort of thing. You know Mulligatawny, of course?"

I rather apologized for not having the honor.

"Then you shall, Smithe. I'll bring you together when you come to town. Leave that to me; a nice little party: Mulligatawny, Sir Percy Whiffler, Colonel Owlfinch, one of the Guards—they're at Beggar's Bush now, I suppose—Belgum, yourself, and myself."

This was very considerate and flattering; and I heartily hoped that by some fluke or other we might be enabled to make a bag.

When we arrived upon the shooting-ground, I observed that it was time to load; and calling up Billy Doyle with the guns, I proceeded to carry my precept into practice. My weapon was an old-fashioned muzzle-loader, one of 'Truelock & Harris; and as I went through the process of loading, I could see that Mr. Simpson was regarding my movements with a critical eye.

"I know that you sweils despise this sort of thing," I remarked; "but I have dropped a good many birds with this gun at pretty long ranges, and have wiped the eyes of many a muzzle-loading party."

"I—I like that sort of gun," said Simpson. "I'd be glad that you'd take this," presenting his, with both barrels covering me.

"Good heavens, don't do that!" I cried, shoving the muzzle aside.

"What—what?" he cried, whirling round like a teetotum—"what have I done?"

"Nothing as yet; but I hate to have the muzzle of a gun turned towards me since the day I saw poor cousin Jack's brains blown out."

"What am I to do?" exclaimed Simpson. "I'll do anything."

"It's all right," I replied; "you won't mind my old-world stupidity."

My guest's gun was a central-fire muzzle-loader of Rigby's newest type, which he commenced to prepare for action in what seemed to me to be a very bungling sort of way. He dropped it twice, and in releasing the barrels brought them into very violent collision with his head, which caused the waters of anguish to roll silently down his cheeks and on to his pointed moustache. If I had not been aware of his manifold experiences in the shooting line, I could have set him down as a man who had never handled a gun in his life; but knowing his prowess, I ascribed his awkwardness to simple carelessness, a carelessness in all probability due to the smallness of the game of which he was now in pursuit. I therefore refrained from taking any notice, and from making any observation until he deliberately proceeded to thrust a patent cartridge into the muzzle of the barrel of his central-fire.

"Hold hard, Mr. Simpson; you are surely only jesting."

"Jesting! How do you mean?"

"Why, using that cartridge in the way you are doing."

"What other way should I use it?"

"May I again remind you that I am utterly averse to facetiousness where firearms are concerned, and—"

"My dear Smithe, I meant nothing, I assure you. I pledge you my word of honor. Here, load it yourself;" and he handed me the gun.

"There'll be a job for the coroner afore sunset," growled Billy.

"What do you mean, sir?" exclaimed Simpson, rather savagely.

"Mane! There's widdys and lone orphans enough in the counthry, sir—that's what I mane;" and Billy started in advance with the air of a man who had to do or die.

Mr. Simpson was silent for some time, during which he found himself perpetually involved in his gun, which appeared to give him the uttermost uneasiness. First he held it at arm's length as if it was a bow; then he placed it under his arm, and held on to it with the tenacity of an octopus; after a little he shifted it again, sloping it on his shoulder, ever and anon glancing towards the barrels to ascertain their exact position. He would pause, place the butt against the ground, and survey the surrounding prospect with the scrutinizing gaze of the advance patrol of a Uhlan.

"Hush!" he suddenly exclaimed, "We lost something that time. I heard a bird."

"Nothin', barrin' a crow," observed Billy.

"A plover, sir; it was the cry of a plover," evasively retorted the other.

"Holy Vargin! do ye hear this? A pluvver! Divil resave the pluvver ever was seen in the barony!"

"Silence, Doyle!" I shouted, finding that my retainer's observations were becoming personal and unpleasant.

"Troth, we'll all be silent enough by and by."

We had been walking for about half an hour, when Mr. Simpson suggested that it might be advisable to separate, he taking one direction, I taking the other, but both moving in parallel lines. Having joyfully assented to this proposition, as the careless manner in which he handled his gun was fraught with the direst consequences, I moved into an adjacent bog, leaving my guest to blaze away at what I considered a safe distance. I took Billy with me, both for company and for counsel, as my guest's assumed ignorance of the fundamental principles of shooting had somewhat puzzled me.

"It's a quare bisniss intirely, Masther Jim. He knows no more how to howld a gun nor you do to howld a baby, more betoken ye've two av the finest childre—God be good to thim!—in Europe. I don't like for to say he's coddin' us, wud his tigers an' elephants an' combusticles, but, be me song, it luks very like it I'd like for to see him shooting, that wud put an end to the question."

At this moment, bang! bang! went the two barrels of my guest's gun. Billy and I ran to the hedge, and, peeping through, perceived Simpson running very fast towards a clump of furze, shouting and gesticulating violently. I jumped across the fence, and was rapidly approaching him, when he waved me back.

"Stop! Don't come near me! I'm into them. There are quantities of snipe here."

"Arrah, what is he talkin' about at all, at all?" panted Billy. "Snipes! Cock him up wud snipes! There ain't a snipe——"

Here, Simpson, who had been groping amongst the furze, held up to our astonished gaze *two brace of snipe*.

Billy Doyle seemed completely dumbfounded. "That bangs anything I ever heerd tell of. Man nor boy ever seen a snipe in that field afore. Begorra, he's handy enough wud the gun, after all."

I was very much pleased to find that our excursion had borne fruit, and that my vaunted preserves were not utterly barren.

"That's a good beginning, Simpson," I cried. "Go ahead; you'll get plenty of birds by and by."

"I'll shoot at nothing but snipe," he replied. "Here, you Billy, come here and load for me."

"Let's look at the birds av ye plaze, sir," said Billy, who began to entertain a feeling akin to respect for a man who could bring down his two brace at a shot. "I'll be bound they're fat an' cosy, arter the hoighth av fine feedin' on this slob."

"They're in my bag. By and by," replied Simpson, curtly. "Now, my man, follow your master, and leave me to myself," and my guest strode in the opposite direction.

Bang! Bang!

"Be the mortial, he's at thim agin. This is shupayrior," cried my retainer, hurrying towards the place whence the report proceeded.

Simpson again held up *two brace of snipe*, and again plunged them into his bag; nor would he gratify the justifiable longings of our gamekeeper by as much as a peep at them.

"This is capital sport. Why, this place is swarming with snipe," cried my guest whilst his gun was being reloaded. "Depend upon it, it's a mistake to take dogs. The birds smell them. I'll try that bit of bog now."

"Ye'll have to mind your futtin'," observed Billy. "It's crukked an' crass enough in some spots; I'd better be wid ye."

"Certainly not," said my guest. "I always shoot alone."

"Och, folly yer own wish, sir; only mind yer futtin'."

Mr. Simpson disappeared into the hollow in which the bog was situated, and, as before, bang! bang! we heard the report of both barrels.

"Be Jabers, I'm bet intirely. Thim snipes must have been dhruv from the say, an' have come here unknownst to any wan. Ay, bawl away! Whistle! be the hokey, he's in the bog!"

A dismal wailing, accompanied by cries for help, arose from out the bog, where we found poor Simpson almost up to his chin, and endeavoring to support himself by his elbows.

"Ugh! ugh! lift me out, for heaven's sake! My new clothes—this coat that I never put on before,"(his whaling garment)—"why did I come to this infernal hole Ugh! ugh!"

We dragged him up, leaving his patent boots and stockings behind him. Billy bore him on his back to the house, where he was stripped and arrayed in evening costume.

From the pockets of his Ulster, which it was found necessary to turn out for drying purposes, Mr. William Doyle extracted no less than *six brace of snipe*. Unfortunately for Mr. Simpson the bill was attached to the leg of one of the birds. They had been purchased at a poulterer's in Dublin.

* * * * * * * * *

Mr. Simpson did not remain to dine or to sleep. He pleaded a business engagement which he had completely overlooked, and left by the 4.50 train.

"Av all th' imposthers! and his tigers an' elephants no less, an' bears an'" algebras! An' going to cod me into believin' there was snipes growin' in a clover-field, and thin never to gi me a shillin'! Pah! the naygur!" and Billy Doyle's resentment recognised no limits.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that I was not invited to meet Lord Mulligatawny, Sir Percy Whiffler, Colonel Owlfinch, and one of the Guards, and that my wife holds Simpson over me whenever I hint at the probability of a visit to the metropolis.

EVERY patch of ground has its history. Could any one unravel the mutations which transferred it from hand to hand, and the fortunes and sentiments of those who tilled it, he would understand the history of the human race; while its geological structure, traced to the centre of the earth, would unfold all the developments of the earth's formation.

AT our request, Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, have promised to send any of our readers, gratis (on receipt of fifteen cents to pay postage), a sample of Dobbins' Electric soap to try. Send at once.

TRUE CONCEIT.

What the world very often mistakes for conceit is a self-consciousness, a recognition of the inward power, which is, in truth, very different from it. In our common acceptation of the word, a conceited man is an empty fellow who bases his opinion of himself upon no true grounds. Very often, great but untried men will take upon themselves the achievement of that which the world deems an impossibility. But if the man has that within him which will carry him through, he is not to be blamed. It is the ignorant fellow and puffed-up fool who exhibits the richest crop of conceit. This quality in youth should not be sneered away or banished, for, mean as it may appear, it has its uses. A little hard work in the world will rub down its salient points. We must steer through all the shoals and quicksands of life, cultivating a proper lowliness, but yet an humble pride, if we seek, as all should seek, to be proper and true men.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

COTTAGE PUDDING.—One-half cup of sugar; one egg; one cupful of cream; one pint of flour; one heaping teaspoonful of Taylor's cream yeast. Bake in a cake-pan. To be eaten with a hot, sweet sauce, or with cold cream.

SPONGE CAKE.—Two and one-half tumblers sugar, two tumblers of flour, four teaspoonfuls cream tartar, whites of six eggs, mix sugar, flour and cream tartar well together before adding the eggs, and bake in a quick oven.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING.—One-half cake of chocolate, grated; one-half pint of soda-cracker crumbs; butter the size of an egg; one pint of milk; white of six eggs well beaten; sugar and salt to taste; boil in a mold one hour. To be eaten hot with cream.

TO REMOVE FRECKLES.—Scrape horse-radish into a cup of cold sour milk; let it stand twelve hours, strain and apply two or three times a day. Or mix lemon juice, one ounce; pulverized borax one quarter drachm; keep a few days in a glass bottle, then apply occasionally.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Take one cold boiled chicken, 3 celery stalks, cut fine, and mash the yolks of 3 eggs in with a wooden spoon, and add to this 1-4 cup of Olive oil or butter, 1-2 gill of mustard, 1-2 spoonful of pepper, 1-3 spoonful of salt, 1-2 cup of vinegar, and five minutes before dinner time dressing in the chicken.

CHICKEN FRICASSEE.—Take three onions, one eschalot, two cloves or garlic, one bunch of parsley, one of carrot, all to be chopped separately; pepper and salt. In a sauce-pan put one-quarter of a pound of butter, and brown with the above; when done, take two chickens cut up, pour in beef-stock to cover, cook slowly for one hour. And the yolks of two eggs, and a large tablespoonful of flour to thicken.

ICED TEA AND COFFEE.—These drinks, which have long been popular in tropical countries, are now becoming better known to us. In very warm weather they are peculiarly refreshing. Iced tea in particular will satisfy thirst better than almost any other liquid. A good, high-flavored black tea should be used, and, if it is to be cooled by putting lumps of ice into it, it should be made very strong, to allow of the weakening caused by the melting of the ice. Both tea and coffee may be used with sugar and milk, but the majority of persons prefer them without either.

A LAUNDRY SECRET.—The following receipt for doing up shirts will be found of use to many housewives: Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic powder; put into a pitcher and pour on it a pint or so of water, and then having covered it up let it stand all night. In the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle and cork it, and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of gum water stirred into a pint of starch made in the usual manner, will give to the lawns, either white or printed, a look of newness, when nothing else can restore them after they have been washed.

SUCCOTASH.—Take two quarts of shelled beans and put into four quarts of cold water in a covered iron kettle, with a half pound of salt pork; let them boil half an hour. Take 30 ears of green corn, cut the corn off the cob, scrape the cobs lightly to get all the juice and pulp. Turn the corn into the kettle with the boiling beans and pork, and let them boil together for half an hour, then add a quarter of a pound of butter, stir well and send hot to the table. This will make a dinner for eight hungry people, and is a good and nutritious dish that tastes of the grand old days that have gone by.

OYSTER SOUP.—Oyster soup for the first course is excellent if properly made. This, in nine cases out of ten, is flavorless and sloppy. Some experience is necessary to prepare a delicious soup of oysters. The following recipe may be relied upon. Take 100 freshly opened oysters of medium size and strain the liquor from them, which should be placed with three pints of milk in a porcelain-lined kettle. Half a dozen clams, finely chopped, with their liquor, should be added; butter as large as an egg, and salt enough to season. When this boils, after placing over the fire, add the oysters, which are done when the edges curl. Put half a pound of the smallest oyster crackers in the tureen before pouring in the soup.

THE WAY TO BROIL A STEAK.—First see that the fire is clear and not too much of it; open wide all the drafts, to carry off the smoke that is made during the process of broiling; then see that the gridiron is smooth and quite clean, rub it well with whiting or chalk, lay on your steak. Do not pound it, nor after it is on the fire, stick a fork into it, or the juice will escape. Neither salt nor pepper it; do that on the dish. Throw a little salt on the fire, and put over the steak; place the gridiron close on the range for the first few minutes, to carbonize the surface, then turn it over quickly, to carbonize the other side. Now it should be exposed to a slower fire, to do which place two bricks on their edges, and rest the gridiron over them. The steak should be turned repeatedly and carefully, and when it feels rather firm to the touch, it is rare, and if so liked, it should be taken off, laid on a hot dish, on which one and one-half ounces of butter has been melted, less than one-half teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of white pepper, and one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, well mixed; lay the steak on one side and then on the other.

HOW TO SELECT MEATS.—An English journal gives the following hints on this subject:—"Good and wholesome meat should be neither of a pale rosy or pink color, nor of a deep purple. The first denotes the diseased condition, the last proves the animal has died a natural death. Good meat has more of a marble look in consequence of the branching of the veins which surround the adipose cells. The fat, especially of the inner organs, is always firm and suety, and never moist, while in general the fat from diseased cattle is flabby and watery, and more often resembles jelly or boiled parchment. Wholesome meat will always show itself firm and elastic to the touch, and exhibit no dampness, while bad meat will appear soft and moist, in fact often more wet, so that the liquid substances run out of the blood when pressed hard. Good meat has very little smell, while unsound meat has a disagreeable, cadaverous smell, and diffuses a certain medicinal odor. This can be distinctly proved by cutting the meat through with a knife and smelling the blade or pouring warm water over it. Lastly, bad meat has the peculiarity that it shrinks considerably in the boiling; wholesome meat rather swells, and does not lose an ounce in weight."

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IS THIS TRUE?

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us;
It wad frae many an error free us
And foolish notion."

This pleasantly stated bit of supposed wisdom has gone the rounds unchallenged a long time. Let us see how it would work practically. Many things look well on paper, but do not turn out so well when put to the test, perhaps this is one of them.

There is young Plainfellow. He has plenty of common sense, but no style. Near him lives Sarah Matilda, all style and very little common sense. Now Mr. Plainfellow sees Sarah Matilda, and his face begins to shine as though he had seen an angel. She soon finds out how she looks in his eyes, and it does not free her from any errors or foolish notions. She puts on more style and airs than ever. She is pleased that Plainfellow is "making a fool of himself about her," as she calls it, but she sees in him only a clodhopper, and when she is tired of leading him a silly chase she will jilt him and go on her way unrepentant and unreformed.

John Fairman, Esq., has led a reputable life, conducted business squarely, and risen in the estimation of his fellow-citizens so that he is nominated for Alderman. Then all eyes of his Ward are turned upon him and soon his portrait, as seen by the opposition party, appears in the newspaper. He finds himself a grasping, cheating, dissolute self-seeking, untrustworthy, etc., etc., etc., man unfit to be outside of a penitentiary, to which benevolent institution he would gladly hasten if he used the eyes of others to look at himself.

It would be all very well to believe in other's eyes rather than our own, if the majority of people had not a moral squint when examining their fellows. How we appear in the eyes of others depends very much on who those others are and which way they squint.

We conclude that an amendment might be made in the lines of the text to the following effect:

O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves just as we are
It wad from many an error free us;
And foolish notion—

WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS.

The world is full of good morals—on paper, and bad morals in practice. Bibles abound, churches multiply, and the press teems with reiterations of the right principles of ethics. At no period of history has there been such wide-spread dissemination of the principles and rules of right living, and never have they more generally been accepted as true. There is enough knowledge of good in the leading communities of the world to supply a local millennium in each.

It is true that men yet differ widely as to religious forms and observances, but by almost universal consent these are counted non-essentials, and uprightness of character and fruitfulness in well doing are the union platform on which orthodox, heterodox and non-doxologists meet in theory.

But comparatively very few meet in the practice of admitted virtues. In the very midst of this universal light of truth is the darkness of men's deeds. Churches and school-rooms are outnumbered by gambling hells and brothels, jails are yet indispensable and the gallows casts its fearful shadow as though the glory of the cross had not been revealed.

We do not believe the world is worse than ever and growing yet more depraved. Darkness looks blacker when contrasted with light. But why is not the world better? Why does not the boasted might of truth prevail when apparently it was never so free to exert its force? When law, and public teaching and public opinion all favor honesty, purity and peace, why are the records of crime so full, and while all recognize the standards of right, why is there so little confidence in individual integrity, and unhappily so little ground for it?

It is very evident that the practice of virtue is of much slower growth than the knowledge of it. It takes centuries for a plain moral principle to be wrought into the life of a people. We may perhaps marvel less at this when we consider that apprehension of truth and formation of purpose are very different exercises of the soul. The first is almost involuntary. Let the light be clear enough and the spirit can scarcely fail to recognize it, and can only escape recognition by resolutely closing its eyes against it, loving darkness rather than light. To form right resolution, to put it into practice and continue its exercise until such life becomes habitual, is the supreme task, highest in difficulty as highest in reward. In view of these facts the outlook in the world becomes less discouraging. There is much of good purpose, much of right life. It has grown up slowly yet surely under the culture of the ages. To raise an abundance from the tropical valley is an easy task, but to bring fruit to ripeness in the frozen North is a work of long painstaking, and the fruits of virtue in the earth are yet more difficult of attainment.

There is a practical lesson of the highest importance to be learned from these thoughts. Something more is necessary in the education of youth than to teach them what is right—*they must be shown how to do it.* The greatest force for good is the living example. He who stands as the central figure in moral power in the history of the world, exerted his force by showing men how to live and how to die. The world needs embodiments of truth. Its progress in right culture will be in the exact ratio of increase of those who live right, and to this number we may each add one.

WHY LOVE SONG?

The power of the song over our feelings is far greater than can be attributed to any succession of pathetic recollections of human life presented distinctly as objects of thought.

It awakens all the fountains of bitter-sweet memory, sets us to dreaming, suspends reflection and will, brings up the delicious sweetness of the past, with the sad regret that it is past, all the brightness of the brightest moments with the cloud that so soon passes over them, the meetings and the partings, the eternal change and flow that make up human life.

It is in its infinite suggestiveness that its charm lies, and this subtle power of suggestiveness should belong more or less to all songs; they should all touch chords that lie deeper down than the region of intellectual consciousness; they should present definite ideas, but with such a delicacy of touch as to leave the mind only half conscious of their presence—just sufficiently conscious to be set off dreaming about them; to feel their influence, without being drawn out of itself to them, while the melody of the strain keeps up the power of dreaming at its highest intensity.

OUR PARENTS.

It is the common rule of nature, that our parents should precede us to the grave, and it is also her rule, that our grief for them should not be of such power as to prevent us from entering, after they are gone, into a zealous participation both of the business and pleasure of life.

Yet, in all well-regulated spirits, the influence of that necessary and immediate deprivation, however time may soothe and soften it, has a deep and enduring resting-place. In the midst of the noisiest, busiest hours of after-life, the memory of that buried tenderness rises up ever and anon to remind us of the instability of all human things, and wins rather than warns us to a deliberate contemplation of futurity.

DR. WATTS.—It was so natural to Dr. Watts, when a child, to speak in rhyme, that even at the very time he wished to avoid it he could not. His father was displeased at this propensity, and threatened to whip him if he did not leave off making verses. One day he was about to put his threats into execution, the child burst into tears, and on his knees, said

"Pray, father, do some pity take,
And I will no more verses make!"

THE man of the most elevated views is a balloonist.

MODEST stockings have the stripes to run down the leg.

CHAMPAGNE ought to be very cheap, the apple crop is abundant.

PLANE trees are recommended for the streets of the Quaker city.

AN extreme Darwinian thinks a barrel was evolved from a bung-hole.

CINCINNATI is said to be swarming with prodigal sons seeking employment; the hog crop is large.

A NEW YORKER found Philadelphia so quiet he could not sleep until he hired a boy to grind a coffee-mill under his bed.

ONE of the 12,000 exhibitors who received the highest award at the Centennial, thinks the juries showed great partiality in giving testimonials to the other 11,999.

THE new Liberty bell has been removed from Independence Hall. It is to be taken back to the foundry to have more sound put into it. The supply was short when the bell was cast, having been mostly taken out of the market to be used for campaign thunder.

"YOUR steel-colored clothes are very suggestive," said a joker to one of the uniformed letter-carriers.

"What do you mean?" asked the latter, blazing up.

"Oh, steel is elastic and reliable," was the answer, and the carrier went on with a glad heart, taking three steps in one.

HER TRUST.

BY MAYDEW

She sits and spins the whole day long,
And murmurs snatches of a song;
Her father frowns, she does not heed;
Her mother frets, her fingers speed
Above her task like snowy birds;
And still she sings the tender words
"My laddie's poor in worldly wealth,
He's rich in youth and manly health;
And happier than a queen I'll be
When home he comes to love and me."

Old Crusty comes with gold and land,
To court her love and gain her hand;
Her parents plead, she shakes her head;
They say: "your laddie may be dead!"
She stifles back the rising sigh
And softly sings love's sweet reply:
"My laddie'll come across the main
Before another moon can wane;
And prouder than a queen I'll be
When home he comes to wed with me."

EDINA.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,
AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER I.

HEARD AT MIDNIGHT.

The village was called Trennach; and the scene about it was bleak and bare and dreary enough, though situated in the grand old county of Cornwall. For, mines lay around, with all the signs and features of miners' work: yawning pit mouths, leading down to their rich bed of minerals—some of the mines in all the bustle of full operation, some worked out and abandoned. Again, surrounding these, might be seen miners' huts, and other dwelling-places. The little village of Trennach skirted this tract of labor; for, while the mining district extended for some miles on the one side the hamlet; on the other side, half an hour's gentle walking brought you to a different-looking land altogether—to trees, and pasture land, and luxurious vegetation.

The village street consisted chiefly of shops. Very humble shops, the most of them; but the miners and the other inhabitants, being out of reach of better, found them good enough. Most of the shops dealt in mixed articles, and might be called general shops rather than special ones. The linen-draper, for instance, added brushes and brooms to his cottons and stuffs; the grocer sold saucepans and gridirons; the baker did a thriving trade in home-made pickles. On a dark night, the most cheery-looking shop was the druggist's: the four globes, red, green, blue, and amber, displayed in its windows, sending forth their colors on the faces of the passers-by, and tinging the puddles in the road. This shop had also added another branch of trade to its legitimate one—that of general literature: for one doctor of the place dispensed his own medicines, and the sale of the chemist's drugs was not great. The shop boasted of a small circulating library: or as it was called there a book-lending club: the miners and the miners' wives were, like their betters, fond of sensational fiction. The books consisted entirely of cheap volumes, sold at a shilling or two shillings each; some indeed at sixpence. The proprietor of this shop, Edmund Float, chemist and druggist, was almost a chronic invalid, and would often be laid up for a week together. The doctor told him that if he would give less of his time to that noted hostelrie, the Golden Shaft, he might escape these attacks of sickness. During their continuance the business of the shop, both as to its drugs and books, was transacted by a young man, a native of Falmouth; one Blase Pellet, who had served his apprenticeship in it and remained on as assistant.

The doctor's name was Raynor. He wrote himself Hugh Raynor, M.D., being a member of the Royal College of Physicians. That he, a man of fair ability in his profession and a gentleman as well, should be content to live in this obscure place, exercising the drudgery of a general practitioner and apothecary, may seem a matter of marvel—but his history shall be given further on. His house stood in the middle of the village, somewhat back from the street-line: a low, square detached house, with a bow window on either side its entrance, and three windows above. On the door, which always stood open in the day-time, was a brass plate announcing his name "Dr. Raynor." The bow window to its left was shaded within by a brown wire blind, bearing the word "Surgery" in large letters. The blind reached about half-way up the window, and Dr. Raynor's white head, or the young head of his handsome nephew, might on occasion be seen over it by the foot passengers, or by Mr. Blase Pellet over the way. For the Doctor's house and the druggist's shop faced each other; and Mr. Pellet, being of an inquisitive disposition, seemed never to tire of peeping and peering into his neighbors' doings generally, and especially in any that might take place at Dr. Raynor's. At either end of this rather straggling street were seated respectively the parish church and the Wesleyan meeting-house. But most of the miners followed their father's faith—that of Wesleyan methodist.

It was Monday morning, and a cold bright day in March. The wind came sweeping down the wide street; the dust whirled in the air; but overhead the sun was shining. Dr. Raynor stood by the fire in his surgery—the fire-place being opposite the door—looking over his day-book, in which a summary of the cases under present treatment was entered. He was dressed in black. A tall, grand-looking, elderly man, with a placid, pale face, very quiet in manner, and carefully-trimmed thin white whiskers shading his cheeks. It was eight o'clock, and he had just come into the surgery: his nephew had been in it half an hour. Never was there a more active man in his work than Dr. Raynor had been; up early, and to bed late; but latterly his energy had strangely failed him.

"Has any message come in this morning from Pollock's wife, Frank?" he said.

"No, sir."

"Then I suppose she's better," remarked the Doctor, closing the book as he spoke, and moving towards the window.

A square table stood at the end of the room, facing the window. Behind it was Frank Raynor, making up mixtures, the ingredients for which he took from some of the various bottles that were ranged in rows upon the shelves behind him. He was a slender, gentlemanly young fellow of four-and-twenty, rather above the middle height, and wore this morning a suit of grey clothes. The thought that passed through a stranger's mind on first seeing Frank Raynor was, how good-looking he is! It was not, however, so much in physical beauty that the good looks consisted, as in the bright expression pervading the well-featured face, and the sunny gladness in his laughing blue eyes. The face lacked one thing—firmness. In the delicate mouth, very sweet and pleasant in form though it was, might be traced his want of stability. He could not say No to a petition, let it be what it might; he might be swayed as easily as the wind. Most lovable was Frank Raynor; but he would be almost sure to be his own enemy as he went through life. You could not help liking him; everybody did that—with the exception of Mr. Blase Pellet across the road. Frank's hair was of a golden brown, curling slightly, and worn rather long. His face, like his uncle's, was close-shaved, save for the whiskers, which were of the same color as the hair.

"What a number of men are standing about!" exclaimed Dr. Raynor, looking over the blind. "More even than usual on a Monday morning. One might think none of them were at work."

"None of them are," replied Frank. "As I hear."

"No! what's that for?"

Frank's lips parted with a smile. An exceedingly amused look sat in his laughing eyes as he answered.

"Through some superstition, I fancy, Uncle Hugh. They say the Seven Whistlers were heard in the night."

Dr. Raynor turned quickly to face his nephew. "The Seven Whistlers?" he repeated. "Why, who says that?"

"Ross told me. He came in for some laudanum for his neuralgia. As there is no work to be done to-day, the overseer thought he might as well lie up and doctor himself. A rare passion he is in."

"Can't he get the men to work?"

"Not one of them. Threats and promises alike fail. There's safe to be an accident if they go down to-day, say the men; and they won't risk it. Bell had better not come in Ross's way while his present temper lasts," added Frank, with a broader smile, as he began to screw a cork into a bottle. "I think Ross would knock him down."

"Why Bell in particular?"

"Because it is Bell who professes to have heard the Whistlers."

"And none of the others?" cried the Doctor.

"Well, I fancy not. Uncle Hugh, what is the superstition?—what does it mean? I don't understand: and Ross, when I asked him, went into an explosive fit, instead of answering me. Something ridiculous?"

Dr. Raynor briefly explained. This superstition of the Seven Whistlers arose from certain sounds heard in the air. They were supposed by the miners, when heard—which was very rare, indeed, in this neighborhood—to bode ill luck. Accident, death, all kinds of calamity, in fact, might be looked for, according to the popular superstition, by those who had the misfortune to hear the sounds.

Frank Raynor listened to the Doctor's short explanation, a glow of amusement on his face. It sounded to him like a bit of absurd fun.

"You don't believe in any such nonsense, surely, Uncle Hugh?"

Dr. Raynor had returned to the fire, and was gazing straight out before him; some speculation, or perhaps remembrance, or it may be doubt, in his grey eyes.

"All my experience in regard to the Seven Whistlers is this, Frank—and you may make the most of it. Many years ago, when I was staying amid the collieries in North Warwickshire, there arose one morning a commotion. The men did not want to go down the pits that day, alleging as a reason that the Seven Whistlers had passed over the place during the night, and had been heard by many of them. I naturally inquired what the Seven Whistlers might mean, never having heard tell of them, and received in reply the same explanation I have now given you. But workmen were not quite so independent in those days, Frank, as they are in these; and the men were forced to go down the pits as usual."

"And what came of it?" asked Frank.

"Of the going down? This. An accident took place in the pit that same morning—through fire-damp, I think; and many of them never came up alive."

"How dreadful! But that could not have been the fault of the Seven Whistlers?" debated Frank.

"My second and only other experience was here at Trennach," continued Dr. Raynor, passing over Frank's comment, "About six years ago some of the miners professed to have heard these sounds. That same day, as they were descending one of the shafts after dinner, an accident occurred to the machinery——"

"And did damage?" interrupted Frank with growing interest.

"Yes. Three of the men were precipitated to the bottom of the mine, and killed, and several others were injured more or less, some badly. I attended them. You ask me if I put faith in the superstition, Frank. No: I do not. But these experiences that I have told you are facts."

A pause. Frank was recontinuing his work.

"Are the sounds all fancy, Uncle Hugh?"

"Oh, no. The sounds are real."

"What do they proceed from? What causes them?"

"It is said that they proceed from certain night-birds," replied Dr. Raynor. "These flocks of birds, in their nocturnal passage across the country, make plaintive, wailing sounds; and when the sounds are heard, they are superstitiously supposed to predict evil to the hearers. Ignorant men are credulous. That is all about it, Frank."

"Did you ever hear the sounds yourself, Uncle Hugh?"

"Never. This is only the third occasion that I have been in any place at the time they have been heard—or said to have been heard—and I have not myself been one of the hearers—there's Bell!" added Dr. Raynor, perceiving a man leave the chemist's opposite and cross the street in the direction of his house; for the wire blind did not obstruct the view outwards, though it did that, inwards. "He seems to be coming here."

"And Float the miner's following him," observed Frank.

Two men came in through the Doctor's open front door, and thence to the surgery. The one was a little, middle-aged man who carried a stout stick in his hand, and walked somewhat lame; his countenance was not very pleasing at the best of times, and just now it had a grey tinge on it that was rather remarkable. This was Josiah Bell. The one who followed him in was a tall, burly man with a burly face; his cheeks were as red as a farm laborers, his voice was soft, and his manner meek and retiring. The little man's voice was, on the contrary, loud and self-asserting. Bell was given to quarrel with everyone who would quarrel with him; hardly a day passed but he, to use his own word's, "had it out" with somebody. Andrew Float had never quarrelled in his life; not even with his quarrelsome friend Bell; but was one of the most peaceable and easy-natured of men. Though only a common miner, he was brother to the chemist, and also brother to John Float, landlord of the Golden Shaft. The three brothers were usually distinguished in the place as Float the druggist, Float the miner, and Float the publican.

"I've brought Float over to ask you just to look at this arm of his, Doctor," began Bell. "It strikes me his brother is not doing what's right for it."

There was a refinement in the man's accent, a readiness of speech, an independence of tone, not at all in keeping with what might be expected from one of a gang of miners. The fact was, Josiah Bell had originally held a better position. He had begun life as a clerk in the office of some large colliery works in Staffordshire; but, partly owing to unsteady habits, partly to an accident which had for many months laid him low and lamed him for life, he had sunk down in the world to be what he now was—a laborer in a Cornish mine.

"What, won't the burn heal?" observed Dr. Raynor. "Let me see it, Float."

"If ye'd please to be so good, sir," replied the big man, with deprecation, as he took off his coat and prepared to display his arm. It had been badly burned sometime before; and it seemed to get worse instead of better, in spite of the doctoring of his brother the chemist, and of Mr. Blase Pellet between whiles.

"I have asked you more than once to let me look to your arm, you know, Float," remarked Mr. Frank Raynor.

"But I didn't like to trouble ye, Master Raynor, ye see. I thought Ned and his salves could do for't sir."

"And so you men are not at work to-day, Bell!" began the Doctor, as he examined the arm. "What's this absurd story I hear about the Seven Whistles?"

Bell's aspect changed at the question. The grey pallor on his face seemed to become greyer. It was a greyness that attracted Dr. Raynor's attention; he had never seen it in the man's face before.

"They passed over Trennach at midnight," said Bell, in low tones, from which every bit of independence had gone out. "I heard them myself."

"And who else heard them?"

"I don't know. Nobody—that I can as yet find out. The men were all in doors, they say, before midnight. The Golden Shaft shuts at eleven on a Sunday night."

"You stayed out later?"

"I came on to Float, the druggist's, when the public-house shut, and smoked a pipe with him and Pellet. It was in going home that I heard the Whistlers."

"You may have been mistaken—in thinking you heard them."

"No," dissented Bell. "It was right in the middle of the Bare Plain. I was stepping along quietly——"

"And soberly?" interposed Frank, with a twinkling of the eye, and in a tone that might be taken for either jest or earnest.

"And soberly," asserted Bell, resentfully. "As sober as you are now, Mr. Frank Raynor. I was stepping along quietly, I say, when the church clock began to strike. I stood still to count, not believing it could be twelve—for I didn't seem to have stayed twenty minutes at the druggist's. It was twelve, however, and I was still standing stock still after the sound of the last stroke died away, wondering how it could be so late, when those other sounds broke out high in the air above me. Seven of them: I counted them as I had counted the clock. The saddest sound of a wailing cry I've ever heard—save once before. It seemed to freeze me up."

"Did you hear more?" asked Dr. Raynor.

"No. And the last two sounds of the seven were so faint, I should not have heard them but that I was listening. The cries had broken out right above where I was standing; they seemed to go gradually away to a distance."

"I say that you may have been mistaken, Bell," persisted Dr. Raynor. "The sounds you heard may not have been the Whistlers."

Bell shook his head. His manner and voice this morning were more subdued than usual. "I can't be mistaken in *them*. Nobody can be that has once heard them, Dr. Raynor."

"Is it the hearing of them which has turned your face so grey?" questioned Frank, alluding to the peculiar pallor noticed by his uncle; but which the elder and more experienced man had refrained from remarking upon.

"I didn't know it was grey," rejoined Bell, his resentful tone cropping up again.

"It's as grey as this powder," persisted Frank, holding forth a delectable compound of ashy-hued stuff he was preparing for some patient's palate.

"And so, on the strength of this night adventure of yours, Bell—or rather of your ears—all you men are making holiday to-day!" resumed the Doctor.

But Bell, who seemed not to approve of Frank's personal remarks on his complexion, possibly taking them to be made only in ridicule—though he might have known Frank Raynor better—stood in dudgeon, his back against the counter, and vouchsafed no reply. Andrew Float took up the word in his humble, hesitating fashion.

"There ain't one of us, Dr. Raynor, sir, that would venture down to-day, after this. When Bell come up to the mine this morning, where us men was collecting to go down, and said the Seven Whistlers had passed over last night at midnight, it took us all aback. Not one of us would, hazard it after that. Ross, he stormed and he raged, but he couldn't force us."

"And the Golden Shaft will get the benefit of you instead!" said the Doctor.

"Our lives is dear to all of us, sir," was the deprecating reply of Float, not attempting to confute the argument—"And I thank ye kindly, sir; for it feels more comfortable like. They burns be nasty things."

"They are apt to be so when not properly attended to. Your brother should not have let it get into this state."

"Well, you see, Dr. Raynor, sir, some days he have been bad abed, and I didn't trouble him with it then; and young Pellet, he don't seem to know much about they bad places."

"You should have brought it to me, Bell, how is your wife to-day?"

"Pretty much as usual," said surly Bell. "If she's worse, it's through the Seven Whistlers. She dont like to hear tell of 'em."

"Why did you tell her?"

Josiah Bell lifted his cold light eyes in a sort of wonder. "Could I keep such a thing as that to myself, Dr. Raynor? It comes as a warning of evil, and must be guarded against. That is, as far as we can guard against it."

"Has the sickness returned?"

"For the matter of that, she's always feeling sick. *I* should just give her some strong doses of mustard-and-water to make her sick in earnest, if it was me, Doctor; and then perhaps the feeling would go off."

"Ah," remarked the Doctor, a faint smile parting his lips, "we are all apt to think we know other people's business best, Bell. Float," added he, as the two men were about to leave, "don't you go in for a bout of drinking to-day. It would do your arm no good."

"Thank ye, sir, I'll take care to be mod'rate," replied Float, backing out.

"The Golden Shaft will have much of his company to-day, in spite of your warning, sir; and of Bell's, too," observed Frank, as the surgery door closed on the men. "How grey and queer Bell's face looks! Did you notice it, Uncle Hugh?"

"Yes."

"He looks just like a man who has had a shock. The Seven Whistlers gave it him, I suppose. I could not have believed Bell was so silly."

"I hope it was only the shock that has done it," said the Doctor."

"Done what, Uncle Hugh?"

"Turned his face that peculiar color." And Frank looked up to him, as if scarcely understanding. But Dr. Raynor said no more.

At that moment the door again opened, and a young lady glanced in. Seeing no stranger present, she came forward.

"Papa! do you know how late it is getting? Breakfast has been waiting ever so long."

The voice was very sweet and gentle; a *patient* kind of voice, that somehow imparted the idea that its owner had known sorrow. She was the Doctor's only child; and to call her a *young* lady may be regarded as a figure of speech, for she was past thirty. A calm, sensible, gentle girl she had ever been, of great practical good sense. Her pale face was rather plain than handsome; but it was a face pleasant to look upon, with its expression of sincere earnestness, and its steadfast, truthful dark eyes. Her dark brown hair, smooth and bright, was simply braided in front, and platted behind on the well-shaped head. She was of middle height, light and graceful; and she wore this morning a violet merino dress, with embroidered cuffs and collar of her own work. Such was Edina Raynor.

"You may pour out the coffee, my dear," said her father. "We are coming now."

Edina disappeared, and the doctor followed her. Frank stayed a minute or two longer to make an end of his physic. He then turned down his coat-cuffs, which had been turned up, pulled his wristbands lower, and also passed out of the surgery. The sun was shining into the passage through the open entrance door; and Frank, as if he would sun himself for an instant in its beams, or else wishing to get a more comprehensive view of the street, and of the miners loitering about it, stepped outside. The men had collected chiefly in groups, and were talking idly, shoulders slouching, hands in pockets; some were smoking. A little to the left, as Frank stood, on the other side the way, was that much-frequented hostelrie, the Golden Shaft; it was evidently the great point of attraction to-day.

Mr. Blase Pellet chanced to be standing at his shop door, rubbing his hands on his rather dirty white apron. He was an awkward-looking, under-sized, unfortunately-plain man, with very red-brown eyes, and rough reddish hair that stood up in bristles. When he saw Frank, he backed into the shop, went behind the counter, and peeped out at him between two of the glass globes.

"I wonder what he's come out to look at now?" debated Mr. Blase within himself. "*She* can't be in the street! What a proud wretch he looks this morning!—with his sleek curls shining, and that ring upon his finger!"

"Twenty of them, at least, in front of it, ready to go in!" mentally spoke Frank, his eyes fixed on the miners, standing about the Golden Shaft. "And some of them will never come out all day."

A sudden cry arose, close to Frank. Some little child, in a nightcap and colored pinafore, had overbalanced itself and fallen in the road. Frank went to the rescue.

"Here we go up!" cried he, in his loving, cheery voice, as he raised the little one, gave it a kiss and a halfpenny, and sent it on its way to Mr. Stone's sweet-stuff mart, rejoicing. That was Frank Raynor all over; he had many faults, no doubt, but he was full of loving-kindness to old and young, rich and poor.

He went in to breakfast. The meal was laid in a small back parlor, behind the best sitting-room, which was on the opposite side of the passage to the surgery, and faced the street. This small back room looked down on a square yard, and thence to the bare open country; to the mines and to the miners' dwelling-places. They lay to the right, as you looked out. To the left stretched out a bare tract of land, called the Bare Plain—perhaps from its dreary aspect—which we shall come to by-and-by.

Edina sat at the breakfast table, her back to the window; Dr. Raynor was in the seat opposite to her. Frank took his usual place between them, facing the cheerful fire.

"If your coffee's cold, Frank, it is your own fault," said Edina, handing him his cup. "I poured it out as soon as papa came in."

"All right, Edina; it is sure to be warm enough for me," was the answer, as he took it and thanked her. He was the least selfish, the least self-indulgent mortal in the world; the most easily satisfied. Give Frank Raynor the poorest fare, and he would never have murmured.

"What a pity it is about the men!" exclaimed Edina to Frank; for this report of the Seven Whistlers had become generally known, and the Doctor's maid-servant had imparted the news to Miss Raynor. "They will make it an excuse for two or three day's drinking."

"As a matter of course," replied Frank.

"It seems altogether so ridiculous. I have been saying to papa that I thought Josiah Bell had better sense. He may have taken more than was good for him last night; and fancied he heard the sounds."

"Oh, I think he heard them," said the Doctor. "Bell rarely drinks enough to obscure his faculties. And he is certainly not fanciful."

"But now, Uncle Hugh," put in Frank, "you *cannot* seriously think that there's anything in it!"

"Anything in what?"

"In this superstition. Of course one can readily understand that a flock of birds may fly over a place by night, as well as by day; and that they may emit sounds and cries on the way. But that these cries should forebode evil to those who may hear them, is not to be comprehended, or believed."

Dr. Raynor nodded. He was languidly eating an egg. For some time past, appetite had failed him.

"I say, Uncle Hugh, that you cannot believe in such a farce. The incidents you gave just now were but accidental coincidences."

"Frank," returned the Doctor, in his quiet tone, that latterly had seemed to tell of pain, "I have already said so. But when you shall have lived to my age, experience will have taught you that there are some things in this world that cannot be fathomed. We must be content to leave them. I told you that I did not myself put faith in this popular belief of the miners; but I related to you at the same time my own experience in regard to it. I don't judge; but I cannot explain."

Frank turned a laughing look on his cousin. "Suppose we go out on the Bare Plain to-night and listen for the Seven Whistlers ourselves; you and I, Edina?"

"A watched pot never boils," said Edina, quaintly, quoting a homely proverb. "The Whistlers would be sure not to come, Frank, if we listened for them."

CHAPTER II.

ROSALINE BELL.

Frank Raynor had been a qualified medical man for some few years; he was skilful, kind, attentive, and possessed in an eminent degree that cheering manner which is so valuable in a general practitioner. Consequently he was much liked by the Doctor's patients, especially by those of the better class, living at a distance; so that Dr. Raynor had no scruple in frequently making Frank his substitute in the daily visits. Frank alone suspected—and it was only a half suspicion as yet—that his uncle was

beginning to feel himself unequal to the exertion of paying them.

It was getting towards mid-day, and Frank had seen all the sick at present on their lands near home, when he started on his walk to see one or two further off. Calling at home first of all, however, to give Dr. Raynor a report of his visits, and to change his grey coat for a black one. Every inch of a gentleman looked Frank, as he left the house again, turned to the right, and went down the street with long strides. He was followed by the envious eyes of Mr. Blase Pellet; who, in the very midst of weighing out some pounded ginger for a customer, darted round the counter to watch him.

"He is off *there*, for a guinea!" growled Mr. Pellet, as he lost sight of Frank and turned back to the ginger. "What possesses Mother Bell, I wonder, to go and fancy herself ill and in need of a doctor!"

The houses and the church, which stood at that end of Trennach, were soon left behind; and Frank Raynor was on the large tract of land which was called the Bare Plain. The first break he came to in its monotonous bleakness was a worked-out pit, or mine, on the left hand. This old pit was encompassed about by mounds of earth of different heights, where children would play at hide-and-seek during the daylight; but not one of them ever approached close to the mouth of the shaft. Not only was it dangerous in itself, being entirely unprotected, and children, as a rule, are given to run into danger rather than to avoid it; but the place had an evil reputation. Some few years back, a miner had committed suicide there: one Daniel Sandon had deliberately jumped in to destroy himself. Since then, the miners and their families, who were for the most part very superstitious and very ignorant, held a belief that the man's ghost haunted the interior of the pit—that on a still night, anyone, listening down the shaft, might hear his sighs and groans. This caused it to be shunned; hardly a miner would venture close to it alone after dark. There was nothing to take them near it, for it lay some little distance away from the broad path that led through the middle of the Plain. The depth of the pit had given rise to its appellation, "The Bottomless Shaft;" and poor Daniel Sandon must have died before he reached the end. For any one falling into it, there could be no hope; escape from death would have been an impossibility.

Frank Raynor passed it without so much as a thought. Continuing his way, he came by-and-by to a cluster of miners' dwellings that lay away on the Plain to the right. Not many: the miners chiefly lived on the other side the village, near the mines. Out of one of the most commodious of these houses, there chanced to come a girl, just as he was approaching it; and they met face to face. It was Rosaline Bell.

Never a more beautiful girl in the world than she. Two and twenty years of age now, rather tall, with a light and graceful form, as easy in her movements, as refined in her actions as though she had been born a gentlewoman, with a sweet, low voice and a face of delicate loveliness. Her features were of almost a perfect Grecian type; her delicate complexion was fresh as a summer rose, and her deep violet eyes sparkled through their long dark eyelashes. Eyes that, in spite of their brightness, had an expression of fixed sadness in them; and that sad expression of eye is said, you know, never to exist but where its owner is destined to sorrow. Poor Rosaline! Sorrow was on its way to her quickly, even now. Her dress was of some dark kind of stuff, neatly made and worn; her bonnet was of white straw; the pink bow at her throat rivalled in color the rose of her cheek.

Far deeper in hue did those cheeks become as she recognized Frank Raynor. With a hasty movement, as if all too conscious of her blushes and what they might imply, she raised her hand to cover them, making pretence to push gently back her dark, beautiful hair. Nature had indeed been prodigal in her gifts to Rosaline Bell. She had been brought up well, had received a fairly good education, and profited by it.

"How do you do, Rosaline?" cried Frank, in his gay voice, stopping before her. "Where are you going?"

She let her lifted hand fall. The rich bloom on her face, the shy, answering glance of her lustrous eyes, were beautiful to behold. Frank Raynor admired beauty wherever he saw it, and he very especially admired that of Rosaline.

"I am going in to find my father; to induce him to come back with me," she said. "My mother is anxious about him; and anxiety is not good for her, you know, Mr. Frank."

"Anxiety is very bad for her," returned Frank. "Is she worse to-day?"

"Not worse, sir; only worried. Father heard the Seven Whistlers last night, and that disturbs her."

Frank Raynor broke into a laugh. "It amuses me beyond everything, Rose—those Whistlers. I never heard of them in all my life until this morning."

Rosaline smiled in answer—a sad smile. "Father believes in them firmly," she said; "and mother is anxious because he is. I must go on now, sir, or I shall not get back by dinner time."

Taking one of her hands, he waved it towards the village, as if he would speed her onwards, said his gay good-bye, and lifted the latch of the house door. The door opened to the kitchen: a clean and, so to say, rather tasty apartment, with a red-tiled floor on which the fire threw its glow, and a strip of carpet by way of hearth-rug. A mahogany dresser was fixed to the wall on one side, plates and dishes of the old willow pattern were ranged on its shelves; an eight-day clock in its mahogany case ticked beside the fire-place, which faced the door. The window was gay with flowers. Blooming hyacinths in their blue glasses stood on its frame half-way up: on the ledge beneath were red pots containing other plants. It was easy to be seen that this was not the abode of a common miner.

Seated in an arm-chair near the round table, which was covered with a red-and-grey cloth, her feet on the strip of carpet, her back to the window, was Mrs. Bell, who had latterly become an invalid. She was rubbing some dried mint into powder. By this, and the savory smell, Frank Raynor guessed they were going to have pea-soup for dinner. But all the signs of dinner to be seen were three plates warming on the fender, and an iron pot steaming away by the side of the fire.

"And now, mother, how are you to-day?" asked Frank, in his warm-hearted and genuine tone of sympathy, that so won his patient's regard.

He drew a chair towards her and sat down as he spoke. The word "mother" came from him naturally. Two years before, just after Frank came to Trennach, he was taken ill with a fever; and Mrs. Bell helped Edina to nurse him through it. He took a great liking to the quaint, well-meaning, and rather superior woman, who was so deft with her fingers, and ready with her tongue; he would often, then, partly in jest, call her "mother;" he called her so still.

Mrs. Bell was seven-and-forty now, and very stout; her short grey curls lay flat under her mob cap; her bright complexion must once have been as delicately beautiful as her daughter's. She put the basin of mint on the table, and smoothed down her clean white apron.

"I'm no great things to-day, Master Frank. Sometimes now, sir, I get to think that I never shall be again."

"Just as I thought in that fever of mine," said Frank, purposely making light of her words. "Why, my good woman, by this day twelvemonth you'll be as strong and well as I am. Only take heart and patience. Yours is a case, you know, that cannot be dealt with in a day; it requires time."

Into the further conversation we need not enter. It related to her ailments. Not a word was said by either of them about that disturbing element, the Seven Whistlers, and Frank went out again, wishing her a good appetite for the pea-soup.

Putting his best foot foremost, he sped along, fleet as the wind. The Bare Plain gave place to pasture land, trees, and flowers. A quarter of an hour brought him to the Mount—a moderate-sized mansion, standing in the midst of its own grounds, the residence of the St. Clares. By the sudden death of the late owner, who had not reached the meridian of life, it had fallen most unexpectedly to a distant cousin; a young lieutenant serving with his regiment in India. In his absence, his mother had given up her house at Bath, and taken possession of it; she and her two daughters. They had come quite strangers to the place about two months ago. Mrs. St. Clare—it should be mentioned that they chose their name to be pronounced according to its full spelling, Saint Clare—had four children. The eldest, Charlotte, was with her husband, Captain Townley, in India; Lydia was the second; the lieutenant and present owner of the Mount came next; and lastly Margaret, who was several years younger than the rest, and indulged accordingly. Mrs. St. Clare was extremely fond of society; and considered that at this place, the Mount, she was no better than buried alive.

The great entrance gates stood on the opposite side; Frank Raynor never went round to them, unless he was on horseback; when on foot he entered, as now, by the little postern gate that was nearly hidden by clustering shrubs. A minute's walk through the narrow path between these shrubs, and he was met by Margaret St. Clare; or, as they generally called her at home, Daisy. It very frequently happened that she did meet him: and, in truth, the meetings were becoming rather precious to both of them, very especially so to her. During these two months' residence of the St. Clares at the Mount, Mr. Raynor and Margaret had seen a good deal of each other. Lydia was an invalid—or fancied herself one—and the Raynors had been in attendance from the first, paying a visit about every other day. The Doctor went himself now and then, but it was generally Frank.

And Mrs. St. Clare was quite contented that it should be Frank. In this dead-alive spot, Frank Raynor, with his good looks, his sunny presence, his attractive manners, seemed like a godsend. She chanced to know that he was a gentleman by descent, and had met members of his family before: Major Raynor, and old Mrs. Atkinson of Eagles' Nest. She did not know much about them, and in her proud heart she secretly looked down upon Frank: as she would have looked upon any other general practitioner in the medical profession. But she liked Frank himself, and she greatly liked his society, and asked him to dinner pretty often, en famille. The few visitable people who lived within reach did not constitute a large party; but Mrs. St. Clare got them together occasionally, and made the best of them.

Margaret St. Clare would be nineteen years old to-morrow. A slight-made light, pretty girl, putting one somehow in mind of a fairy. Her small feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground as she walked, her small arms and hands, her delicate throat and neck, were all perfectly formed. The face was a fair, piquant face, quiet and rather grave when in repose. Her eyes were of that remarkable shade that some people call light hazle and others amber: and in truth they did on occasion look as clear and bright as amber.

She was fond of dress. Mrs. St. Clare's daughters were all fond of it. Margaret's this morning was some fine texture of light blue, that fell in soft folds around her, white lace on the sleeves and round the throat. A thin gold chain, holding a locket, was on her neck. Her hat, its blue ribbons streaming, hung on her arm; her light brown hair was somewhat ruffled by the breeze.

As she came forward to meet Frank, her whole face was lighted up with smiles of pleasure; its blushes were nearly as deep as those that had lighted Rosaline Bell's, not half an hour before.

Frank took both of her hands within his in silence. His heart was beating at sight of her; and silence in these brief moments is the best eloquence. Rapidly indeed was he arriving at that blissful state, described by Lord Byron in a word or two, "For him there was but one beloved face on earth." Ay, and arriving also, was he, at its consciousness. Even now it was "shining on him."

She was the first to break the silence, "You are late, Mr. Raynor, Lydia has been all impatience."

"I am a little late, Miss Margaret. There is always plenty to do on a Monday morning."

Lydia St. Clare might be impatient, but neither of them seemed impatient to hurry in to her. The windows of the house could not be seen from hence; clustering evergreens grew high and thick between, a very wilderness; the late owner was an absentee, and the place had been neglected. But it seemed beautiful as an Eden to these two, strolling along side by side, and lingering here, lingering there, on this bright day. The blue sky was almost cloudless, the sun gilded the budding trees; the birds sang as they hopped from branch to branch, building their nests: early flowers were coming up; all things spoke of the sweet spring time. The sweet spring time that is renewed year by year in nature when bleak winter dies; but which comes to the heart but once. It was reigning in the hearts of those two happy strollers; and it was in its very earliest dawn, when it is freshest and sweetest.

"Oh, see," said Margaret, stooping, "a beautiful-daisy, pink-fringed! It has only come out to day. Is it not very early for them?"

He took the little flower from her unresisting hand as she held it out to him. "Will you give it me, Daisy?" he asked, in a low, tender tone, his eyes meeting hers with a meaning.

Her eyes fell beneath his, her fingers trembled as she resigned the blossom. He had never called her by that pet name before: only once or twice had he said Margaret without the formal prefix.

"It is not worth your having—worth only one's having," she stammered. "It is only a daisy!"

"Only a daisy! It shall be my favorite flower of all flowers from henceforth."

"Indeed I think you must go in to Lydia."

"I am going in. There's a sweep of wind! You will catch cold without your hat."

"I never catch cold, Mr. Raynor. I never have anything the matter with me."

"Could you give me a pin?"

"A pin! Yes"—taking it out of her waistband. "Here's one. What is it for?"

He put the daisy into his button-hole, so that its pink-and-white head just peeped out, and fastened it with the pin. Margaret protested hotly.

"Oh, don't; please don't! Mamma will laugh at you, Mr. Raynor. Such a stupid little flower!"

"Not stupid to me," he answered. "As to laughing, Mrs. St. Clare can laugh at it as much as she pleases, and at me to."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SOUL'S LONGINGS.

BY DAISY HOWARD.

Fifteen years ago to-night, a young girl knelt beneath the starry sky to pray; and the burden of her prayer was, that she might be endowed with the powers of a genius; that power might be given to her to write; to give voice to the tumultuous feelings surging through her soul. This was all the boon she craved. She asked not for love, for wealth, or high estate; neither did she ask for fame; as yet, ambition had no place in her heart. She asked but for power to weave together the loose matter that was clogging up her heart; to write out its unwritten music; its glowing dreams and prophecies; and it was granted her.

Will it bring her happiness?

Years passed away. Again she knelt to pray. Her dark eyes radiant with the light of genius, were fixed upon the distant heavens; her lips were half unclosed, and her long dark ringlets fell over her uncovered shoulders—she looked like one inspired. Suddenly, the fair head was bent low, and her hand raised, with a kind of deprecating gesture, as if some sorrow had crept in upon her joy. Then, folding her arms over her heart, she bowed her face in the dust of humiliation, and, in broken words, exclaimed:—"Father, *to be loved!*"

Ha! she is *not* happy! she craves the boon of love.

It was not enough that mighty power was given her over her own mind and the minds of others. She had made her a world apart from the world she lived in. She had won fame, and bevies of friends, and yet her woman's heart craved for love.

It was sad to see the fair young head bowed so humbly; to see that proud heart so humiliated with the thought that the boon she had craved so passionately, asking that, and only that, had failed to satisfy her heart. Again her prayer was granted.

The love of a noble heart was given her; a princely home and the homage of the multitude. Will the love she has coveted fill her heart? Will love do more for the woman's heart than fame did for the girl's?

She had a happy home; sheltered in from the world's clamour and change—that far-off world she thought so beautiful. Would that she could part the thick curtain that hung between it and her. She did so, and found that the curtain was of coarse gray serge; that the beautiful colours it had worn at a distance had been wrought by her own brain. She wished then that she had not peered beyond the curtain that had been so wisely hung between her and the world that seemed so fair—for she had gained more light and knowledge than was wise for her. She found out the fallacy of her early dreams; that love and truth were not the things they seemed; that happiness was a myth; and the "trail of the serpent was over them all."

Alas! her heart is yet unfilled, her soul unsatisfied.

And now, from white, quivering lips, a new prayer rises. But, this time, she does not kneel, but bears it about in her heart; and at last, when the want grows unbearable, the trembling lips utter, passionately, "Give me children, O Father!"

A little life fluttered into existence—a sweet pale blossom of wondrous loveliness. The blue of the violets were in its eyes, and the rose-flush upon its cheek. There was a new, delicious feeling in her heart, and her soul thrilled to the touch of those tiny fingers.

Was the want in her soul filled? had the babe's coming stilled its longing? Ah! no; *something* was wanting—what could it be?

There came a night when the breath floated out from the babe's lips, and it went to dwell beyond the pearly clouds. Then there came hours of darkness and sorrow—afterwards there was light!

As the stricken mother gazed upon the wee, waxen babe she had loved so well, she could scarcely "believe and quiet herself" before Him who had bereaved her. But, even in the midst of her anguish, a new revelation dawned upon her. She saw that she had been blindly following her own will, regardless of His who created her. Every prayer of her life had been answered. Genius had been given her, and fame, and love; and, more precious far than all, the sweet child-love, which is surely a foretaste of heaven.

Once more beneath the stars she knelt to pray; not the young girl of fifteen years ago, but a woman weary and worn. The prayer, this time, is not for intellectual endowments nor for human love, nor fame, nor the pattering of children's feet; but, faintly, from white lips, come the words:

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow! Take away all vain dreams; all strivings after earthly happiness; all bitter yearnings for human love! Let the prayer of my heart ever be, Not my will, Father, but Thine, be done!"

ENCOURAGEMENT.

We have often thought of a little girl we used to know, who, whenever she resorted to the maternal advice, would say, "Tell me yes, mamma!" She wanted encouragement, just as older children do. We often want to hear yes, when we know that the result will be no—and a very decided negative, too. We love to carry our broken aspirations and fading hopes to somebody that will make them look not quite so black.

The son is depressed, because something he has done has failed to attract the consideration it might have merited. The old mother rates the public roundly, and declares to her boy that she shall live to see him recognized yet—standing where it is his ambition to stand. The dear old lady is partial, but how her words soothe the sore ache in his heart! He knows it may never be—failure after failure has occurred; but it is sweet to feel that *one* human being appreciates him, even if he have small faith in her assertion.

We assure you, dear reader, that you will never lose anything by encouragement. It cannot injure, unless it is injudiciously administered, or by an unfaithful hand, and it may encourage to deeds of the highest ambition. It may often keep up the sinking soul, and bridge over the abyss of despair. We have all heard of cases where one word turned the entire prospects of an immoral career. Let it be yours always to give the one word of encouragement.

THERE are men who may be called "martyrs of good health;" not content with being well, they are always wishing to be better, until they doctor themselves into being confirmed invalids, and die, ultimately, you may say, of too much health.

NEWS NOTES.

A NEW Parisian hotel will have a mantelpiece worth $50,000.

THE health of the Empress Eugenie is failing from hope deferred.

THE United States manufacure nearly as many silk goods as they import.

YELLOW fever continues its ravages in Savannah and Brunswick, Georgia.

THE Servian War Minister has ordered the purchase of 20,000 Chassepot rifles.

GRAMMAR, history and geography are the weak points of would-be West Pointers.

COLUMBUS, Ga., expects 10,000 more bales of cotton this season than she received last.

AUSTRIA announces that she will take no part officially in the Paris Exhibition of 1878.

ACCORDING to Adjutant General Slide, there are 3793 fugitives from justice in Texas.

PALAZZA CARREGO, at Genoa, known as Lord Byron's mansion, has been destroyed by fire.

THE new Sultan of Turkey is very ignorant. He excels chiefly in gymnastic exercises.

DRESDEN, the capitol of Saxony, has nearly 200,000 inhabitants, according to the last census.

THE French International Exhibition of 1878 is to last from the 1st of May to the 1st of October.

THEY have found a cave in Spain containing 300 human skeletons, earthen jars and flint arrowheads.

Mr. Ross has spent $60,000 in hunting for his son Charley, and seems to be as far from finding him as ever.

A TURKISH pacha's dinner is a colossal repast. It is served in thirty courses and lasts five or six hours.

HORSES in Egypt have a malignant disease which is rapid and fatal. In Cairo 700 horses died in one week.

NEARLY all the Western agricultural fairs have proved failures this years on account of the heavy rains.

THE last surveying native of Tasmania is dead. She was a queen and her name was Lidgiwidgi Tannnaninni.

KING KO, sovereign over a portion of the Island of Borneo, is shortly expected in Paris with a numerous suite.

JESSE POMEROY, the boy murderer, is in solitary confinement, and no one is allowed to visit him but prison officers.

THE Edwin Forrest Home, at Springbrook, for the care of aged and infirm actors and actresses has been opened.

IN the Prussian Province of Westphalia, thirty-eight persons have been imprisoned for not sending their children to school.

IT is reported from Constantinople that the Turkish Government rejects the peace proposals submitted by the Great Powers.

SULTAN ABDUL HAMID is a passionate friend of natural history and owner of a large collection of dead and living animals.

THE *Standard's* Madrid despatch says it is rumored that General Campos will replace Jovellar as Captain-General of Cuba.

KID gloves for ladies now reach to the shoulders, and soon ladies will have to take off all their clothes in order to get on their gloves.

REPORTS of the situation of cotton mills shows that about 1,000,000 spindles have been stopped for various causes in New England.

IT is proposed to erect a handsome monument in Richmond to the late General Wise, the project having been started by the Catholic societies.

THE Richmond *Enquirer*, which has been suspended several weeks, was sold at auction, Dr. J. G. Beattie becoming the purchaser at $3,100.

THE Porte has informed its representatives abroad that the Turks, because of the incessant attacks of the Servians, will resume the offensive.

THE bones of several persons, whom the Marchioness de Brinvilliers poisoned 100 years ago, have been discovered under the ruins of a house near the Boulevard Henri IV.

THE instructions to the Peace Commissioners are that the Indians must comply with treaty stipulations, stop depredations on the Black Hills miners, or submit to extermination.

A RUSSIAN colonel has discovered a large salt-lake in Mongolia, 3,100 feet above the sea. It is mostly dried up, the bottom being covered with a layer of salt from two to six feet thick.

MUMMIES are a drug in the market at New York. A collection from Peru was put up by auction, the other day, and the best specimen only brought $11, while small ones were sold for fifty cents apiece.

A TELEGRAM to the Galveston *News* reports that a detachment of McNelly's company recently attacked a gang of outlaws near Eagle Pass, Texas, killed five and wounded one, and captured sixty horses and a number of cattle.

PRINCE ALBERT, of Monaco, has been invested with the Regency of the little principality, his father's health rendering him incapable of ruling longer. The new sovereign is 28 years old and has served in the Spanish and French navies.

THE Moody and Sankey services at Chicago are very successful. They are held in the Tabernacle, a substantial brick structure, erected for the purpose, and seating eight thousand persons. The meetings will be continued for three months.

THE King of Belgium, when opening the Geographical Congress, now in session at Brussels, proposed to lay out roads from certain African seaports to the country between the Tanganyika and the Nyanza Lakes, for the purpose of further exploration.

JULIUS BLANK, a blind professor of music, residing in New York, shot his wife Mary in the head, inflicting a mortal wound. He also shot his child, Amelia, three-and-a-half years old. She died soon. He then shot himself in the right temple, killing himself instantly.

COLONEL CHARLES CHAILLE LONG BEY, in the service of the Khedive of Egypt, is sojourning with friends in this city, having returned from a visit to his relatives on the Eastern Shore of Maryland and in Baltimore. In the latter city he delivered an address at the Academy of Music, in aid of the Savannah sufferers, to a large and appreciative audience. Upon the expiration of Colonel Long's leave of absence, he will return to the land of his adoption.

EXHIBITION NOTES.

IT is so crowded now at the Centennial Exhibition that the rolling chairs cannot be used to advantage.

THE 1st Brigade Band performs daily in the open space between Machinery Hall and the Main Building, and at other points within the grounds.

THE published enumeration of the different breeds of cattle at the Live Stock Exhibition did not include the Jersey breeds, numbering 100 head. This makes the whole number on exhibition 416.

THE approaching display of sheep and swine promises to be very satisfactory, 671 sheep and 350 swine being entered by American breeders, and half as many more by the Canadian Commission.

THE Elevated Railway, which has a track across the Lansdowne ravine, and runs one car only on its single track, carried on that one car between nine and ten thousand persons on "Pennsylvania Day."

THE total number of exhibitors is 30,804. Of these 8175 are American, 3822 Spanish, 2580 British, 2462 Portugal, 1632 Turkey, 1597 France, 1089 Germany, 1144 Italy, and 1397 Argentine Republic.

IT is proposed to conclude the State-day observances at the grounds with a reunion of the Governors of all the States and Territories on the 10th of November, or upon a later day, at which the outgoing and incoming Presidents of the United States will be present.

AMONG the incidents of Pennsylvania Day a number of the stilekeepers report that many of the visitors, in addition to their own admission fees, paid full fee for friends or neighbors unable to attend, but anxious to add their mites to the Centennial treasury in honor of the day.

DURING the past two weeks the boiler tests have been carried on. The trial of the Fernuiuch boiler, made in Buffalo, N. Y., has been finished. The trial of the Lynd boiler was commenced, but not finished, owing to unforseen circumstances, and the inspectors are now engaged in testing the Black & Rodgers boiler, made in Middleburg, Pa.

A MEETING has been held to consider the subject of the preservation of the Main Exhibition Building as a permanent structure for the purpose of holding future exhibitions and establishing a grand permanent exhibition, similar to the famous Crystal Palace at Sydenham, near London.

THE United States Centennial Commission, through their vice-president and Secretary authorize the statement that no reports of Judges on Awards have yet been furnished to exhibitors, nor to the press, and that no reliance can be placed upon any published statement assuming to be such report of Judges of Awards upon any exhibits. The awards announced on the evening of September 27th are correct, but the reports on which such awards were made have not, as yet, been published.

IN the Main Exhibition Building the latest arrivals in the way of fresh attractions are a life-sized veiled female bust in marble, and several vases of large and exquisitely carved alabaster, and agate vases—the only specimens of this material at the Exhibition. The latter are in the Louis XV style, and are fashioned from the material of quarries in Tuscany. A chart, showing a very effective method of teaching the elementary sounds and their combinations, has lately been placed in the Department of the Netherlands.

IT is announced by the Secretary of the Centennial Commission that the written reports of the Judges upon which the awards to exhitors are based will be published in groups as approved by the Commission, and as speedily as they can be prepared. The report for each group will be prefaced by a statement of the principles upon which the system of awards is based, with the names and rules for the guidance of the group jury. Every exhibitor receiving a copy, upon application, to a copy of the report upon his exhibit. Those of the awards recommended by the judges but not approved by the Commission for want of time, are now being considered, and as soon as the list is completed, will be announced.

ARRANGEMENTS are in contemplation for combining the State day of Virginia with that of Maryland on the 19th inst., the day of the Grand National Tournament. Accommodations for seating 100,000 persons will be provided within the grounds near George's Hill, and the attendance is expected by those in charge of the novel entertainment to equal that of Pennsylvania day. Special rates by rail from the South will be secured. Accommodations for the horses of the knights have been secured in the Live Stock Yard. All applications for knightship must be made not later than the 10th inst., and knights proposing to tilt must apply, either in person or by letter, to Colonel S. Taylor Suit, chief marshal, Judges Hall. The appointment of the Judges and orator will be announced in a few days. The following appointments by the chief marshal have been announced and the appointees are requested to report for duty on or before the 16th instant: Marshals—Colonel John S. Mosby, Virginia; General Wisewell, New York; General J. D. Imboden, Virginia; Henry L. Davis, Washington City; Adjutant General F. A. Bond, Maryland. Heralds—Major Harry Gilmore, Maryland; General S. P. Burbridge, Kentucky; Samuel Welsh, Esq., Pennsylvania; Colonel William R. Berkeley, Virginia; Harry F. Turner, Esq., Maryland; Colonel Lee Crandall, Alabama.

AMONG the States making displays of fruit none seem to excel, if, indeed, any equal, that made by the far-off Northwestern State of Oregon. A collection from that State arrived a few days ago by express, and, though eighteen days in transit and coming nearly four thousand miles, presents as fine an appearance as if just plucked from the tree. Of apples there are a dozen varieties; thirteen specimens of the Gravensteinen, each weighing 12 ounces; four Rambos; two Seek-no-further, of 10 ounces each; nine Spitzenbergers, of from 15 to 19½ ounces; four Drop d'Or; six Bell-flower, each 10 ounces; six Newton Pippins; three King of Tompkins county, 13 ounces; three Holland Pippins, 16 ounces; three Fall Pippins, with three Fall Beauty of 14, and eighteen of 20 ounces. A dozen varieties of pears, a specimen weighing 11 ounces; thirty-three specimens of wild crab-apple; six varieties of plums of immense size, are also of the collection with prunes and plums of extraordinary size and weight. For thirty years the fruits of Oregon have matured perfectly and have long been known for their brilliant lustre, delicious flavor, immunity from blemish, owing, it is claimed, to the mild, moist, and equable climate of the State. Neither sudden atmospheric changes, nor insects have ever injured the fruit crop, which has now become a source of large income to the people of Oregon. Large quantities of this fruit are dried and exported to every part of the Old World. Of apples alone 1,200,000 bushels were prepared and sold last year.

REVIEWS.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES of novels published by Porter & Coates, whose high excellence we desired to commend in last week's issue, by a freak of the types were named The "Introduction" Series. This gives us occasion to say the more we see of them the better we like them.

LADY ERNESTINE, OR THE ABSENT LORD OF ROCHEFORTE, by Mrs. Catharine A. Warfield. T. B. Peterson & Brothers. A work of fiction which will add to the wide reputation of the writer already well known by her "Household of Bouverie." It is marked by much dramatic power; the characters are truly drawn, the plot well managed and the interest kept up to the end.

E. Steiger, New York, will shortly issue a work on *Kindergarten Education*, by August Kohler, which is an English version of the third volume of Kohler's *Praxis des Kindergarten*, issued in Germany. In perusing this work, the reader will have to bear in mind that the original was written in Germany, the home of the Kindergarten, and that the ideas and habits of thought of the author will at times be somewhat foreign to our American notions, but they should in no manner affect the fundamental principles of the art, to which all national customs can be made to conform.

SCRIBNER, ARMSTRONG & Co. announce the third series of *Lectures upon the Jewish Church*, by Dean Stanley, which completes the work. Prof. Perry is preparing an *Introduction to Political Economy*, a more compact work than his well-known *Elements*. Edward Everett Hale's American novel, *Philip Nolan's Friends; or, Show your Passports*, now running in *Scribner's Monthly*, will appear in book form in November. There will be added to the "Sans Souci Series" an *Anecdote Biography of Shelley*, edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. As a holiday gift-book, an edition of the *Mistress of the Manse*, illustrated by Miss Hallock, Thomas Moran and Miss Helena DeKay will be produced.

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC.

MME. DI MURSKA is in San Francisco.

DR. HOLLAND has been writing another novel.

THE artist, Story, is building immense studios in Rome.

SHAKSPEARE'S favorite books were Plutarch and Montaigne.

MISS CLARA MORRIS makes her first appearance in Boston, this season.

JENNY LIND has become an honorary member of the Swedish Academy of Fine Arts.

MISS BRADDON, the novelist, has begun her tour as an actress in the smaller cities of England.

MISS LOUISA M. ALCOTT has improved the summer's shining hours by writing another book.

MISS CHARLOTTE THOMPSON will star next season in an emotional drama entitled "Only a Woman."

MLLE. ALBANI, the American singer, is to be married to Mr. Ernest Gye, son of Manager Gye, during the present month.

PAULINE LUCCA is farewelling through Germany. Her husband longs for a quiet life, &c., and is to be accommodated.

SHAKSPEARE'S "Romeo and Juliet," "King Lear," and "Othello" have been translated into Greek and published at Athens.

CAPOUL is soon to be married to a Mlle. Gravy. His marriage will not entail his retirement from the stage, as has been reported.

MR. THEODORE THOMAS is to open a series of concerts to be given at Harvard College, under the direction of Mr. J. K. Paine, the organist.

IT is rumored that Carl Rosa will make a short tour in America with his English Opera Troupe, opening at the New York Academy in February.

MRS. JAMES A. OATES has changed her stage patronymic to Alice Oates, under which name she makes her appearance at the Grand Opera House, New York.

MISS FLORENCE MARRYAT, the well known novelist, was bitten in the face by a pet dog on the 28th of August, and she has since become seriously ill.

SOTHERN'S new play, "A Hornet's Nest," which was brought out in Boston last week, appears to have made a favorable impression, though the comedian's part is not the strongest in it.

WENDELL PHILLIPS says the choicest sculpture of old Greece is not fit to look upon. Then the sculptor carved for man; now he carves for mothers and daughters as well as men.

DR. WILLIAM A. MUHLENBERG, founder of St. Luke's Hospital in New York, was presented, the other day, on the eightieth anniversary of his birthday, with a purse of twenty thousand dollars.

MR. EUGENE SCHUYLER, our Secretary of Legation, in Turkey, has received a handsome offer from a lecture manager to deliver a series of conferences in this country on the Bulgarian atrocities.

PROF. CHARLES DAVIES, LL. D., long an instructor at West Point, and author of a number of popular mathematical works, died at Fishkill on the Hudson, recently, in the seventy-ninth year of his age.

MLLE. ETELKA GERSTER, a new Hungarian prima donna, will make her *debut* in Paris in "Hamlet." She is said to possess a phenomonal voice, and is expected to overshadow all the great singers now on the stage.

DARWIN'S sixty-ninth birthday happens in February, 1877, when it is proposed by certain of his German friends and admirers to present him with an album containing their photographs. The album is to be a work of real art.

M. STRAKOSCH has agreed to pay Miss Nellson sixty-five per cent. of the gross receipts during her American tour. She will commence to play in this country at the Walnut, Philadelphia, on October 30th, where she has an engagement of two weeks.

JOHN LAFARGE, the artist who makes his summer residence in Newport, has received three thousand dollars for one of his paintings of a scene near the city. It was exhibited at the Academy of Design, New York, last spring.

IT is with bashful hesitation that one ventures in these days of Beethoven-raving and Wagner-mania to admire an English ballad. But one at least, "Kathleen Mavourneen," will live for long, though it be hopelessly unfashionable. Its author, Thomas Crouch, who served in the Confederate army, is now said to be living very quietly in his Southern home. Before the war he taught music in Washington.

THE series of articles by Dr. S. S. Spear on "Religion and Government," just concluded in the *Independent*, will be published in book form by Dodd, Mead & Co. The *Independent* says of them: "We may venture to say that on this subject nothing so full and complete has ever before been published in this country and abroad; and when issued we believe that the student not only of the Bible in schools, but of all phases of the delicate subject will prize his work as a full and valuable authority."

MR. JAMES G. BROWN, for a number of years past connected with the theatrical profession in New York, and more recently with Booth's Theatre, since it came into the hands of Messrs. Jarrel & Palmer, is engaged to be married this month to a young lady of the metropolis who is noted for her intellectual accomplishments and personal charms. Great preparations, it is said, are being made to make the event an auspicious one, representatives of the profession from all sections of the country having been cordially invited.

BILIOUS DISORDERS, LIVER COMPLAINT, COSTIVENESS, &c., are speedily removed by Dr. D. Jayne's Sanative Pills, a remedy mild and certain in action, and may be taken at any time without risk from exposure. Sold everywhere.

ALSON F. BELCHER, CATERER.
Dining Rooms at 827 and 829 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

SATURDAY EVENING.

BY MARGARET O. PRESTON.

The spirit's trailing garments that have swept
Through all the week along the dusty ways
Catching assailment from the worldly days,
Though oft aside the foot in 'voidance stept—
Gather them up to-night; they have not kept
Their earlier beauty. Thorny cares have torn
Their delicate fabric; fretting troubles worn
The broidered hem, the while the wearer wept.
And strove with vain attempt to walk apart
Whom the clay touched not. Wherefore, weary one!
Loosen these work-day vestments from thee, lest,
Unclasped by meditation's holy art,
Thy soul be found unfitted to put on
The pure, fair linen of the Sabbath rest!

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

[This story was commenced in No. 34, Vol. 48. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XLII.

"WHERE IS THY BROTHER?"

"Father," said Naomi at supper-time, "Captain Pentreath has come home, and wants to see you to-morrow."

"Captain Pentreath!" echoed Joshua, staring at her blankly; "who's he?"

"Oswald's brother."

"Oh, Arnold, the younger son; the boy who ran away to sea? He's come home, has he, to take possession of the estate. That's a good thing."

"Not to take possession, father; to take care of the old place, perhaps. He has no right to take possession in his brother's lifetime."

"Not unless he had stayed away seven years without being heard of," interjected Jim, the English mind having a firm grip upon this idea of seven years.

"Why should anyone suppose him dead?" asked Naomi with a look that was half indignant, half apprehensive; "he has only been away a little more than six months. His brother has come home to look for him; he is determined to find him."

"What's the use of looking for him at Combhollow, when everybody knows he's gone to America?" cried Jim.

"I mean that Captain Pentreath is going to find out all about his brother, when and how he left England."

"Poor worm!" exclaimed Joshua with lofty scorn. "His brother's fate is in the hands of God. As if he could make or mend it!"

"But he has a right to know, father, and it is natural he should be anxious."

"That shows he belongs to the unregenerate," said Jim, glad to have a fling at the creed which had been forced upon him before he was able to form his own estimate of its merits, like vaccination. "If he were sure of his own election, he wouldn't care a toss what became of his brother——."

"In time, perhaps not," said Joshua, with an awful look; "but how dreadful to know him lost in eternity. Better to remain for ever ignorant of the fate of those we love than to be sure of their condemnation."

"Judge not, that ye be not judged," said Naomi, for the first time in her life daring to lift up her voice against her father. "Who can be sure of another's condemnation? It is blasphemy to say such a thing."

"What now, Daniel is this?" exclaimed Joshua, scornfully. "Is my daughter going to be my teacher? I tell you, Naomi, there are some sins that cannot be repented of. There is a guiltiness which seals the sinner's doom, and sends him, self-convicted to receive his Maker's sentence."

"I have no fear that Oswald would be such a sinner," answered Naomi, meeting her father's dark look with defiant eyes. "Weak, erring, led astray by one more erring than himself—yes, he might be these, but not a deliberate offender, not obstinately guilty!"

What was this new feeling which made her talk to her father as if she was arguing with an adversary? She felt a thrill of horror at her audacity. But she was not mistress of herself when her father spoke harsh words of Oswald Pentreath. Reason grew clouded and the voice of passion cried aloud in defence of her lost lover. He was weak, and she would not let the strong man spurn him. He was absent, and she would not hear him condemned.

Cynthia sat silent, and heard them talk of the man who had loved too well, whose only sin and sorrow was to have let his heart go out to her as a young bird flies from its nest into the glad new world. He had loved her, and that love had darkened his life. She could see him looking down at her, as on that last day, passion-pale, bidding his eternal farewell. What a dream it had been—so fair, so sweet, so unreal! She had suffered herself to be beloved, and to love again, and in this dreaming, half-unconscious state had tasted an ineffable happiness. She did not regret this lost dream-world; she would not have recalled its vanished sweetness; she was honestly repentant of her sin against the husband she honored; but the past was ineffaceable—a part of her being.

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.

Though full of anxious thoughts, Arnold Pentreath brought brightness and pleasant days to the old Grange and all who came within its influence. His candid intelligent face, the frank heartiness of his manners, with just a dash of the seaman's bluntness, and that firm straightforwardness which comes from the habit of commanding others and restraining oneself—all these things gave him immediate mastery over the simple folks at Combhollow. The old servants worshipped him. He had been the most daring and mischievous of the two brothers, in boyhood, and naturally the most popular. He had defied his old father, and had won golden opinions from the household by his juvenile mutinies. He came back a man, broad-shouldered and strongly built, bronzed and battered a little by all kinds of climates and hard weather, but all the handsomer, in the eyes of a seafaring population, for his sun-burnt cheek and the stubborn crispness of his hair. He was fonder of his fellow-men than Oswald had been, and, instead of dreaming over Childe Harold in Pentreath Wood, was out and about all day, tramping along the lanes, making acquaintance with every hand who worked upon his land, tossing cottage children in his strong arms, with a kindly word for every one he met.

He had not been three days at the Grange before the fact of his return was known far and wide, and brought all manner of applicants to the old house to ask favors which no agent would grant. He heard all complaints with an equable good nature, and lent his attention to the smallest detail. The slates blown off the homestead in "they high winds—now do'ee see what you can do for us, Squire." The granary thatch which had "catched fire" in such a mysterious way after last midsummer's thunderstorm, that old Farmer Westall was firmly convinced it was the work of Nancy Dowben, the witch.

"For she be a witch, Squire," said the farmer, "that's well beknownst. And I do say it ain't right a spiteful old woman like she should be allowed to meddle with forked lightning."

"Well, farmer, if it was witchcraft fired the barn, you can't expect me to pay for new thatching it?" argued Arnold.

"But look'ee now, Squire. It was the ould gentleman, you feythur, brought it on us. All they witches bore an evil eye towards him. He were so hard upon 'em, and that scewy, never a drop of milk or a faggot to give 'em."

"Wasn't it you, now, that refused old Nancy the faggots, Farmer Westall?" suggested Arnold.

"Well, now, you're a bit of a conjurer yourself, Squire. There was one day as the ould woman come for some wood to bile her kittle, and I wasn't in the best of tempers, for our ould sow had eaten up seven pegs, and I thowt it was some o' Nancy's work, so I calls out, 'Now jist look here, Nancy; you had a faggot, yesterday, and another the day afore that, and I didn't make that stack o' wood o' purpose for you, old lady.' So she gives a sniff and a grunt, and off she goes, and it wasn't a week from that when the lightning caught the thatch o' my biggest barn. And I'm a man with a long family, Squire, and I've had the roof covered up anyhow with some old boards and a bit of tarpaulin ever since, because Bill Stollwell, the thatcher, asks a mort o' money before he'll make a good job of it."

"We'll see what can be done, farmer. Perhaps I might go halves in the expense, if the barn was roofed in to my satisfaction. I'm only a steward you see—a kind of deputy for my brother."

Farmer Westall sighed and looked glum. Old Nicholas, the butler, had infected most of his acquaintance with his own dismal ideas about the absent lord of the manor. It was a general opinion that the vessel in which Oswald had sailed for America had gone to the bottom.

"There are some folks that 'll never get no luck out o' the sea," said the voice of public opinion as represented by the fishermen of Combhollow. "Remember that storm, and the way the "Dolphin" went to pieces. The two sailors were saved easy enough, but the Squire would have been drowned or knocked to pieces on they rocks but for Joshua Haggard. And what were the use of saving him? He never did no good to the Haggard's; and here he is gone down to the bottom, as sure as fate. It was what were meant from the first, and there's never no good in flying in the face of Providence. You may save a ship's cargo—that's man's business—and an honest way of providin' for a family; but they as is aboard a ship is in the care o' Providence, and it's clean blasphemy to risk your life in fishing 'em out of the water."

Captain Pentreath had exhausted his resources, and had found no clue to his brother's proceedings after that August noontide in which he had left the Grange, with the avowed intention of going to Exeter—on his way to London—by the evening coach. Arnold had gone back to London, and had seen the solicitor again, and had made his enquiries in every likely and unlikely direction, but he had learned nothing. The London lawyer did not know the name of the vessel in which Arnold had booked his passage to New York. His client had told him nothing, except that he had made up his mind to go to America, and that he wanted his affairs administered in his absence. The household at the Grange was to suffer no alteration, and when Arnold came he was to be master.

"Until your return!" the lawyer had said to him.

"My return is an event of the remote future," Oswald had replied; "I may never return."

CHAPTER XLIII.

"WE WILL WAIT AND HOPE."

Arnold went to Liverpool, and the result of his researches there convinced him that Oswald had not left that port in any vessel bound for America, unless he had sailed under an assumed name. From Liverpool he went to Cork—from Cork he went by water to Bristol—from Bristol west to Plymouth; and the most searching enquiries at these places resulted as his enquiries had resulted at Liverpool. There was no trace of Oswald Pentreath's passage to America to be found in any shipping office. He went back to the Grange sorely depressed, for his brother's fate was beginning to assume a hue of mystery which gave room for the darkest fears.

His conversation with Joshua Haggard had told him nothing more than he had already learned from Naomi. The minister had received him with a chilling reserve which held him at arm's length. The frank outspoken sailor wondered that his brother could have written to him so warmly in praise of such a man.

He called on Joshua the day after his return from the round of inquiry.

"This is bad business, Mr. Haggard," he began, plunging at once into the subject nearest his heart; "I have found out enough to feel very sure that my brother has not gone to America."

Joshua's grave countenance betrayed no surprise. "Why, the fellow is not a man, but a machine," Arnold thought, indignantly.

"You don't seem to understand what a serious question this is," said Arnold. "If my brother did not go to America last August, what has become of him?"

"That is a question that I cannot be expected to answer, Captain Pentreath. We are all in God's hands. In life or death He deals with us as seemeth best to Him. He may have appointed your brother for an evil end. You had best be content to leave all to Him."

"Do you mean that if my brother has come to an evil end, I am to let his murderer go scot-free?" cried Arnold, indignantly. "Do you think that I shall fold my hands and wait for Providence to avenge my brother? Why, if I did, God would have the right to ask of me as he did of Cain, 'Where is thy brother?' You do not know how dearly we two loved each other, Mr. Haggard."

"'Vengeance is mine, I will repay,'" quoted Joshua, solemnly; "be sure that if your brother has been murdered, an idea I do not for a moment entertain, his assassin has suffered or will suffer as heavy a punishment as any vengeance of yours could inflict."

"May God make conscience an undying worm to feed upon his soul!" said Arnold. "But it shall be my business to bring his body to the gallows."

Joshua heard him in silence. He sat with folded hands, and a countenance as mysterious in its solemn thoughtfulness as the head of Memnon.

"Come, Mr. Haggard, you must be able to give me some help in this matter, if you choose," urged Arnold, passionately; "my brother was your daughter's lover—her affianced husband, till you, for some motive of your own, forbade their marriage. There is a story underlying that act of yours—a story that might cast some light upon my poor brother's fate. You must have had strong reasons for such a step. A man of your principles would hardly be governed by caprice. Tell me honestly, as one who has a right to ask, what that reason was."

"I can give you no details upon that point," answered Joshua, after some moments of profound thought, "but I will tell you broadly that I had reason to disapprove of your brother's conduct in relation to another woman. I had reason to know that his heart had gone away from my daughter. He would have kept his promise and married her, and would have believed that he was acting as a man of honor; but he would have lied at God's alter, and his marriage would have offended Heaven."

"You believe that my brother's heart had gone astray?"

"I know it."

"Then for Heaven's sake, tell me all you know. This love affair may throw light upon his after conduct—may give us the clue to his present whereabouts. There would be a false delicacy—an absolute cruelty—in hiding anything from me—from me, his brother, who am distracted by the most hideous apprehensions."

"I can tell you nothing more," answered Joshua, with a stern resoluteness which chilled Arnold to the heart. "I am withholding no knowledge which could help you in the smallest degree. Your brother sinned—and is gone. You must be content to know no more than that."

"I will not be content," cried the sailor, vehemently. "You are juggling with me—you, a preacher of God's Word, who ought to be truthful as the day. But I forgot—the prophets were dark of speech, and God taught His chosen people by dreams and allegories, and you seek to imitate those mysterious ways. Have you no human pity—as a man and a Christian—for a brother's grief for a lost brother? You could tell me something that would make this mystery clear; and you lock your lips, and abandon me to the agony of uncertainty. My brother respected, admired—nay, loved you, Mr. Haggard."

This wrung a sigh from a breast which Arnold had deemed marble.

"I tell you I am withholding nothing that could give you comfort," said Joshua, looking downward with fixed and gloomy brow. "I deplore your brother's fate, and the mystery which surrounds it. Yet, for your sake—for the sake of my daughter who loved him—I say, may the veil never be lifted!"

"Why?"

"Because I fear he came to a bad end."

"You must have some reason for that fear. You know something," exclaimed Arnold, breathlessly.

"I am guided by my knowledge of his character—of his condition of mind last summer."

"You think he destroyed himself?"

"I do."

Arnold bowed his face upon his clasped hands; his strong frame was shaken by the agony of that moment. To have stayed away from his brother all the days of his youth—to come home full of hope and pleasure—and to be told this! The cup was bitter.

When Arnold looked up, Joshua Haggard was gone.

He stayed in the empty room, looking out into the windy March street—where one old woman was tightening a three-cornered shawl across her skinny shoulders—with eyes that saw not, and thinking over Joshua's words.

What did they mean? How much, or how little? Was this idea of Oswald's suicide a mere speculation on the minister's part, or had he sound evidence on which to found his conclusions?"

"It is too bad of him to leave me in the dark," mused Arnold. "I have a right to know everything that can be said or thought about my brother. He is a hard-hearted scoundrel. These over-pious men are adamant. And yet he saved my brother's life at the risk of his own. Oswald told me the story, and the fishermen here are never tired of talking about it. Don't let me forget that. The man is better than his speech. And he tells me he is keeping nothing back. But to think that my brother took his own life—that he was wretched enough to find the coward's last release from difficulty! I will not believe it."

He rose to depart; but before he got to the door, Naomi came in, and they stood face to face, both startled, both agitated by this sudden meeting, natural as it was.

"Oh, Naomi, I want you," cried the sailor, taking both her hands, and looking into the pale face with beseeching earnestness. "I want you to advise, to comfort, to enlighten me. I have been talking to your father, and he has almost broken my heart. Tell me, for pity's sake, the truth, dear, as sister to brother. Say that you do not believe Oswald killed himself."

"Killed himself" she echoed, growing very white. "No. Who says so—who thinks so?"

"Your father."

"My father says that—my father believes that?"

"Yes, dear. He told me so five minutes ago. Only say that you don't believe it."

"I do not!" she answered with flashing eyes. "I know that he was unhappy, but I cannot believe—I will not believe—that he could be so weak—so guilty. No, there was no such thought in his mind. He had made his plans for beginning a new life; he had taken his passage for America."

"You know that from himself?" cried Arnold, eagerly.

Naomi bowed her head in assent.

"God bless you, sister!" said the sailor. "You have comforted me more than I can say. You knew him—you loved him."

"With all my heart and soul—too much for duty, or peace, or righteousness."

"And you think he really did go to America?"

Naomi's troubled face took a still deeper shadow.

"I know he meant to go; he may not have gone after all."

"Yet it was strange that he should not have left by the coach, after telling Nicholas that he meant to go that way. Very strange that he should leave those trunks behind him after packing them."

"He may have changed his mind at the last. He was troubled in mind, and might be careless about things which people in an ordinary state of mind would consider important."

"True, my dear. How clearly you see everything. Yes, that was so. And he sailed from some small port, perhaps—or from the other side of the Channel, Havre or Brest. The fact that I cannot trace him is worth nothing. We will wait and hope, Naomi; hope for your husband and my brother's return."

"For our brother's return," answered Naomi, with a tender gravity. "He can never be more to me than a brother: and to the end of my life I shall love him with a sister's love."

"Poor fellow!" said Arnold dreamily; "he threw away a jewel above all price, when he lost you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IT is easy to undertake, but more difficult to finish a thing.

THE FOOD OF GREAT MEN.

BY W. G. MURRAY.

Mr. Buckle has traced the physical, moral, and intellectual degeneracy of the Hindoos to the element of starch in rice. If only their remote ancestors had lived on wheaten bread and good roast beef, instead of rice, the history of the world would have been changed. Sir James Mackintosh used to say he believed the difference between one man and another was produced by the quantity of coffee he drank. Who, then, will deny that it is worth our while to ask what has generally been the food of great men? If, says Mr. Carlyle, heroism be sincerity, may we not all be heroes? If, say we, greatness is the result of good living, may we not all become great? Unfortunately it is extremely difficult to lay down any proposition on the subject with scientific accuracy. Facts there are in abundance; no attempt as yet at classification. We are in the experimental stage of a new science—for such it may claim to be, in these days, when it is sought to refer all spiritual effects to physical causes.

Yet it is surely interesting to gather a few of these facts, even if we attempt to deduce no theory from them, at least for the present, leaving that task to the philosopher of the future.

"Great men are great eaters," would probably be the first exclamation of one who was given to over-hasty generalization. There would indeed be many examples to support such a rule. Charles V., for instance, was an enormous eater. We are told that "he breakfasted at five on a fowl seethed in milk and dressed with sugar and spices. After this he went to sleep again. He dined at twelve, partaking always of twenty dishes. He supped twice; at first soon after vespers, and the second time at midnight or one o'clock, which meal was perhaps the most solid of the four. After meat he ate a great quantity of pastry and sweetmeats, and he irrigated every repast by vast draughts of beer and wine. His stomach, originally a wonderful one, succumbed after forty years of such labors." (Motley, *Rise of the Dutch Republic.*)

After all, Charles died at an age—about fifty-eight—at which we are accustomed in these days to consider a statesman as still in the prime of life. The love of pastry seems to have been hereditary in the House of Hapsburg. Philip II., the same historian tells us, "looked habitually on the ground when he conversed, was chary of speech, embarrassed, and even suffering in manner. This was ascribed partly to——habitual pains in the stomach, occasioned by his inordinate fondness for pastry." Philip ordering an *auto-da-fe* after a meal of gooseberry-tart, which had disagreed with him, is a subject for an historical picture.

Frederick the Great is another illustration of the rule. Though he could dine on a cup of chocolate in war time, he loved good eating and drinking, and undoubtedly hastened his death by refusing to conform in any way to proper rules of diet. "The king," wrote Mirabeau, who was in Berlin at the time, "eats every day of ten or twelve dishes at dinner, each very highly seasoned; besides, at breakfast and supper, bread and butter covered with salted tongue and pepper. We are at the last scene." No wonder. A short time before a gentleman dined with Frederick, when an eel-pie was brought to table which he declared was so hot "that it looked as if it had been baked in hell." The king was immoderately fond of these eel-pies, peppered to excess. But about six weeks before his death we have the record of a breakfast such as a sick man has rarely eaten. Our authority is again Mirabeau. "On the 4th of July, when the doctor," the celebrated Zimmermann from Hanover, "saw the king in the afternoon, all had again changed for the worse. He had applied himself to public business from half-past three in the morning till seven. He then ate for his breakfast a plate of sweetmeats, composed of sugar, white of eggs, and sour cream; then strawberries, cherries, and cold meat." Frederick's illness was dropsy. He died on the 17th of August, 1786. Every schoolboy will remember the parallel of the English king who died of eating too many lampreys. King John, too, is said to have died of a surfeit of peaches and new ale. The verdict of modern epicures will probably be, "Served him right."

Most of the English kings, we suspect, were fair trencher-men, as most of them were also men of ability. There is a curious anecdote of Henry VII., bearing on this subject. The king had been out hunting in the neighborhood of Windsor. His eagerness in the pursuit of the chase had carried him out of sight and hearing of his retinue. Night was falling; return to the castle that day was impossible, for close at hand lay the Abbey of Reading. Thither accordingly the king turned his steps. His habit was simple, and the good monks took him for one of the royal foresters, whilst Henry, for reasons of his own, did not care to undeceive them. He was hospitably entertained, and the lord abbot looked on with an approving smile at the hearty performance of his guest. At last he said, "Truly I would give his grace your master the half of my revenues for so good an appetite." Three days passed, the abbot was suddenly arrested in the king's name, and hurried to the Tower, where a diet of bread and water was assigned him. The end of the story may be imagined. Before a month was over the abbot had recovered an excellent appetite for beef and beer. But the tale is obviously apocryphal. Even a Tudor could not have arrested a mitred abbot in this summary fashion.

From Henry VIII.'s pictures we may safely infer that his appetite was not bad.

Descending to the Stuarts, we find Henrietta Marie, at her first banquet in England, eating pheasant on a Friday, notwithstanding the signs and open remonstrances of her French confessor. Poor girl! she was scarcely seventeen, and the sea-passage had probably given her an appetite.

Her estimable son, King Charles II. of glorious memory, delighted in eggs and ambergris, of which we may hope he partook moderately. His death was supposed by some to have been occasioned by poison administered in this his favorite dish.

William III., the savior of our liberties, both ate and drank more than was good for him. He loved to sit many hours at the table; indeed, dinner was his chief recreation. Nothing must interfere with his enjoyment; the Princess Anne might look wistfully at that dish of young peas, but she looked in vain, for the king ate them all, and never even offered her a spoonful. She revenged herself by calling the deliverer "Caliban."

Among other great sovereigns we find the great Napoleon a voracious eater. Some one has attributed the loss of Leipzig to the effects of a shoulder of mutton stuffed with onions, with which the emperor literally gorged himself, so as to become incapable of clear-minded and vigorous action. He ate very fast. The state banquets at the Tuileries lasted about thirty-five minutes. On the other hand, he was no lover of wine. In that melancholy voyage to St. Helena, he offended the English officers by rising from table before drinking had fairly begun. "The general," one of these prigs had the brutality to say in his hearing, "has evidently not studied manners in the school of Lord Chesterfield." Their idea of politeness—certainly not Lord Chesterfield's—was to drink on till you dropped under the table.

Far be it from us to intrude on the private life of the illustrious nephew of Napoleon. But we were amused in reading the memoirs of the late Dr. Veron—a warm panegyrist of the ex-emperor—to see the attempts of that worthy man to affect some knowledge of the secret of the *coup d'etat*. On the morning of the memorable 2d of December 1851, the prince-president, he tells us, rose at five and took a cup of coffee, according to custom. We soon find that this is all Dr. Veron knew.

And it is all that our humble chronicle aspires to know.

We take the fact from Dr. Veron. He must have had it of the prince-president's valet.

The founder of the greatness of Russia must unquestionably be added to the list of great men and great eaters. Macaulay tells us how, when Peter the Great visited England in the year 1698, the immense quantities of meat which he devoured, the pints of brandy which he swallowed, and which, it was said, he had carefully distilled with his own hands, were during some weeks popular topics of conversation. Great as was Peter, he might have found his peer in the Roman Emperor Maximin (A. D. 238), who could eat in one day forty pounds of meat and drink six gallons of wine—unless the historians lie.

There can be no doubt, however, that the Roman emperors numbered among them many a notable glutton. Elagabalus loved to sup on the tongues of peacocks and nightingales; he fed his lions on pheasants and parrots. His majesty would also give a zest to the pleasures of the table by assembling companies of guests who were all fat or all lean, or all tall or all short, or all bald or all gouty. Capital fun too—for the emperor. The truth of the story that Nero enriched his soups by dissolving diamonds in them may safely be left to chemists to decide.

Of the first, the true Cæsar, of him who has been called the greatest character in history, it may be sufficient to quote the famous saying of Cato, "That of all those who had helped to——overthrow the republic, Cæsar was the only sober man." It is not the less true that he loved the pleasures of the table, and was an affable and genial host. As a guest he probably gave the finest example of high breeding that has ever been known. The story is familiar as told by Suetonius. The dictator was dining out. Some rancid oil was served with the salad. Every one else made wry faces. Cæsar appeared not to perceive the mistake and asked for another supply.

Great things, however, have been done by men who ate little or nothing at all. Women have given us noble examples of such self-denial as is not dreamt of in these days. Listen to the story of St. Clara, virgin and abbess (1193-1253,) who, "not content with the four Lents and the other general mortifications of her rule, always wore next her skin a rough shift of horse-hair or of hog's bristles cut short; she fasted church vigils and all Lent on bread and water, and also from the 11th of November to Christmas day, and during these times on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays ate nothing at all. (Butler's *Lives of the Saints.*) This was no idle woman's fancy—no pretence of serving God without doing good to one's fellow-creatures. This excellent lady's life—she was noble by birth—was spent in good deeds. Idleness she could not endure. "Even when she was sick in bed she spun with her own hands fine linen for corporals, and for the service of the altar, which she distributed through all the churches of Assisium." Nor did St. Clara by her hard life make a virtue of necessity. "When a large fortune fell to her, by the death of her father, after her profession, she gave the whole to the poor, without reserving one single farthing for the monastery." Indeed, the order she founded, that of "Poor Clares," which exists at the present day, was not permitted to hold property. Pope Gregory IX. desired to mitigate this part of her rule, and offered to settle a yearly revenue on her monastery of St. Damian's; but she in the most pressing manner persuaded him by many reasons, in which her love of evangelical poverty made her eloquent, to leave her order in its first rigorous establishment.

Heyne, while editing his *Tibullus* in Dresden in a poor comrade's garret, with the floor for his bed and two folios for a pillow, gathered peascod shells in the streets and boiled them for his dinner.

When the Emperor Julian was first elevated to the rank of Cæsar, the young philosopher was quite distressed at the imperial *menu*—so elegant and sumptuous was the bill of fare. Pheasants he positively forbade to be brought to table; and extended the same prohibition to sow's udder (probably boiled in milk), a famous Roman delicacy. Whether this last order was purely a heroic instance of self-denial may be doubted.

Mahomet, though the founder of a sensual paradise, was himself an abstemious man. "Disdaining," says Gibbon, "the penance and merit of a hermit, he observed, without effort or vanity, the abstemious diet of an Arab and a soldier. On solemn occasions he feasted his companions with rustic and hospitable plenty; but in his domestic life many weeks would elapse without a fire being kindled on the hearth of the prophet. The interdiction of wine was confirmed by his example; his hunger was appeased with a sparing allowance of barley-bread; he delighted in the taste of milk and honey; but his ordinary food consisted of dates and water."

As we write the gigantic proportions of our task begin to dawn on us. We have scarcely spoken of any but princes; what shall we say of poets and philosophers, of lawyers and divines? The time would fail to tell how Blackstone composed his Commentaries over a bottle of port wine; how Sheridan, after some cutting remarks from Pitt in the House, went to the refreshment room, called for a bottle of Madeira, knocked off the neck, poured the contents into a basin, tossed them off, and, returning, made the finest speech that had ever been heard; how Byron sustained life on biscuits and soda water; how Beckford composed *Vathek* at one long sitting of some forty hours, during which time he took no nourishment but coffee; how Synesius, the old fifth-century bishop, sat up, according to the late Mr. Kingsley, whole nights, drinking strong liquors and composing hymns. In fact, the question of what we owe to wine and to tea or coffee respectively is of itself serious. Cowper has sung the praises of tea, Delille those of coffee; a thousand bards, from Anacreon to Moore, have celebrated the joys of the wine-cup. "Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue" professes to be inspired by a bottle of port; it is certainly not the happiest effort of the Laureate's muse, yet such a stanza as this would make the fortune of an ordinary writer:

"Ah yet, though all the world forsake,
Though fortune clip my wings,
I will not cramp my heart, nor take
Half-views of men and things.
Let Whig and Tory stir their blood;
There must be stormy weather;
But for some true result of good
All parties work together."

One couplet in the poem deserves to be immortal:

"that eternal want of pence
Which vexes public men."

The old proverb said, "Tell me what you drink, and I will tell you what you are." Brillat Savarin varied it to "Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are." Neither is a good criterion. Temperament, nationality, climate produce a thousand individualities. It is said that an Englishman fights best when full, a Frenchman fasting, and a Dutchman drunk; a Prussian, we might add, with a pipe of "requisitioned" tobacco in his mouth. Herodotus tells us of a wise custom among the Persians; when a question of State was to be debated they got drunk and gave their opinions under the encouraging influence of the wine; next morning they considered the subject when sober, and then compared their judgments. Herodotus would probably have ascribed the imposition of the match-tax and the withdrawal of the tax to two different cabinet councils—one after dinner and one after breakfast. The same of the prohibition to hold a meeting in Trafalgar square and the withdrawal of that prohibition.

An extract from Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is not to be resisted in a paper on the "Food of Great Men." Some of the sage's remarks. Indeed, are so sensible that we may hope they will encourage others seriously to take in hand this great question. "At supper this night" (it is somewhere in the year 1763) "he talked of good eating with uncommon satisfaction." "Some people," said he, "have a foolish way of not minding, or pretending not to mind, what they eat. For my part, I mind my belly very studiously and very carefully; for I look upon it that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything else." He now appeared to me *Jean Bull philosophe*, and he was for the moment not only serious but vehement. Yet I have heard him, upon other occasions, talk with great contempt of people who were anxious to gratify their palates; and the 206th number of his *Rambler* is a masterly essay against gulosity. His practice indeed, I must acknowledge, may be considered as casting the balance of his different opinions upon this subject, for I never knew any man who relished good eating more than he did. When at table he was totally absorbed in the business of the moment; his looks seemed riveted to his plate; nor would he, unless when in very high company, say one word, or even pay the least attention to what was said by others, till he had satisfied his appetite; which was so fierce and indulged with such intenseness that while in the act of eating, the veins of his forehead swelled, and generally a strong perspiration was visible. To those whose sensations were delicate this could not but be disgusting; and it was doubtless not very suitable to the character of a philosopher, who should be distinguished by self-command. But it must be owned that Johnson, though he could be rigidly abstemious, was not a temperate man either in eating or drinking. He could refrain, but he could not use moderately. He told me that he had fasted two days without inconvenience, and that he had never been hungry but once. They who beheld with wonder how much he ate upon all occasions, when his dinner was to his taste, could not easily conceive what he must have meant by hunger; and not only was he remarkable for the extraordinary quantity which he ate, but he was, or affected to be, a man of very nice discernment in the science of cookery. He used to descant critically on the dishes which had been at table where he had dined or supped, and to recollect very minutely what he had liked. I remember when he was in Scotland his praising "*Gordon's Palates*" (a dish of palates at the Honorable Alexander Gordon's) with a warmth of expression which might have done honor to more important subjects. "As for Maclaurin's imitation of a *made dish*, it was a wretched attempt." He, about the same time, was so much displeased with the performance of a nobleman's French cook that he exclaimed with vehemence, "I'd throw such a rascal into the river;" and he then proceeded to alarm a lady, at whose house he was to sup, by the following manifesto of his skill: "I, madam, who live at a variety of good tables, am a much better judge of good cookery than any person who has a very tolerable cook, but lives much at home; for his palate is gradually adapted to the taste of his cook; whereas, madam, in trying by a wider range, I can more exquisitely judge." When invited to dine, even with an intimate friend, he was not pleased if something better than a plain dinner was not prepared for him. I have heard him say on such an occasion, "This was a good dinner enough to be sure; but it was not a dinner to ask a man to." On the other hand, he was wont to express with great glee his satisfaction when he had been entertained quite to his mind. One day, when he had dined with his neighbor and landlord in Bolt-court, Mr. Allen the printer, whose old housekeeper had studied his taste in everything, he pronounced this eulogy: "Sir, we could not have had a better dinner had there been a *synod of cooks*."

The nice discernment of Johnson was, however, that of an *eclectic*: at least we believe that epicures do not as a rule relish a leg of pork boiled till it drops from the bone, or a veal-pie with plums and sugar, or the outside cut of a salt buttock of beef. These were Johnson's favorite dainties. In the matter of drink he frankly confessed that his liking was for the strongest, as it was not the flavor but the effect that he desired. He loved to pour capillaire into his port wine, and melted butter into his chocolate. Voltaire's taste, by the way, was curious in this respect, for he mixed coffee and chocolate together. One remark of Johnson's seems to hit the bull's-eye. "Wherever," he said, "the dinner is ill got up, there is poverty, or there is avarice, or there is stupidity; in short, the family is somehow grossly wrong, for a man seldom thinks with more earnestness of anything than he does of his dinner, and if he cannot get that well dressed he should be suspected of inaccuracy in other things."

The food of great men is, after all, the food of little men also. Dinner makes the whole world kin. There is a Mexican proverb about the national dish of that country:

"He who lets the puchero pass
Must be either in love, or asleep, or an ass."

We should say very much the same of a man who affects not to care for a good dinner. He must be either a hypocrite or a fool. Let him learn a sunnier wisdom from old Froissart, with whose bright and joyous lines we would fain conclude this rambling paper:

"Au boire je prens grant plaisir;
Aussi fai-je eu beaus draps vestir,
En viande fresche et nouvelle,
Quant a table me voy servir,
Mon esperit se renouvelle.
Violettes en leurs saisons,
Et roses blanches et vermeillos
Voy volontiers; car c'est raisons:
Et chambres pleines de candeilles
Jeux et dances et longues veilles.
Et beaus liets pour li rafreschir,
Et, au couchier, pour mieux dormir.
Epices, clairet et roeelle,
En toutes ces choses voir
Mon esperit se renouvelle."

IT is necessary to look forward as well as backward, as some think it is always necessary to regulate their conduct by things that have been done of old times; but that past which is so presumptuously brought forward as a precedent for the present was itself founded on an alteration of some past that went before it.

THE WOOD-CUTTER.

A FRENCH FABLE.

There were two wood-cutters who were neighbors and friends. They were poor, but contented, for they had been accustomed to poverty from their birth, and knew nothing better. Their wants were few, and these were supplied by their strong arms. Every morning they went together to their work, and in the evening returned together. For twenty years they led this toilsome and harmless life without complaint.

One of them had become the father of two children, a son and daughter; and this greatly increased his expenses and anxieties. Nevertheless, by an increase of labor and economy, the children were well reared. But it happened that one day in winter, when he was without both bread and money, a terrible storm came on, and prevented him from going to his work. He promised himself that the next day should relieve his necessities; and no sooner had it dawned, than the two comrades set off for the forest. But the cold was so severe, and the snow so deep, that after having gone a few steps, the one who was *not* a father, despairing of being able to work, gave it up and returned home.

The poor father, pressed by want, his wife and children in the sufferings of hunger, continued his way in spite of cold and snow, and began to labor with courage. It was not long, however, before his stiffened hands let fall the wedge, and he was obliged to yield.

Without resource or hope, he wept bitterly. What would become of him? What awaited him on his return home? His children holding out their hands for bread, his wife in tears; or, perhaps, maddened by distress. He begged that he might die. A voice called to him from the forest depths, demanding of him why he thus wept and prayed.

"I am a most wretched father," he replied: "born in poverty, cursed of heaven, hating life, yet not permitted to die!"

"Console yourself," said the voice. "I pity you. I wish to make you happy."

It then told him of a certain place in his orchard where was hidden a treasure, and after having exhorted him to make a good use of his wealth, to relieve the poor with it, and to merit favor and blessing by virtuous conduct, ordered him to be at the same spot in the forest, at the end of a year.

The wood-cutter prostrated himself in thanks to his benefactor, and returned to his cabin, intoxicated with the prospect of the pleasure he should bestow upon his family.

His wife had waited for him with all the impatience of distress, her eyes constantly turned in the direction of the forest. Finally, she perceived him on his way, with his ass and his axe, but without a faggot of wood. Her distress and that of her children could no longer be restrained; their sobs burst forth—the mother rushed wildly from the house.

"Bread, bread!" she cried; "give me bread, or kill me with my children!"

The husband told her all that had happened—his despair—the voice—and the gift that had been promised. They both ran to the orchard, and searched it with eagerness. They finally discovered there the promised treasure, that which they believed would put an end to all their troubles.

They were careful, however, not to show such case of circumstances as would betray them, and perhaps tempt to robbery. The husband continued for a while to go to the wood as formerly; but he got tired of toil, now that it was not imposed by necessity, and finally renounced it entirely, and bought a house and lands. And, as if to compensate for all his years of denial, he seemed to think of nothing but how he might procure pleasure. So long as he was poor, he had neither relatives nor friends; now that he was rich, friends gathered thick about him, and he found himself related to everybody.

The year rolled round and he returned to the forest, as he had been bidden. He called to the voice that had spoken to him there.

"What would you here?" it answered. "Do you need anything more? Speak, for I am resolved to make you happy."

The wood-cutter replied that his wealth was sufficient, but he wished for honor, and demanded to be made provost of the place.

The voice promised him this, exhorted him anew to be a good man, and enjoined that he should return to the same spot at the end of the second year.

The churl was made provost; but this dignity only added pride to his other vices, and increased his license by the impunity it secured to him. He now forgot entirely his old friend and neighbor, the companion of his early toil. Every day he saw the poor man return from the forest, and, far from helping him, pretended not to know him, and seemed to regard as a dream the time when he himself had led the same life as he did.

At the end of the year, he returned to the forest. His ambition had increased with his fortune; and he now demanded for his daughter the honor of a marriage with a neighboring provost, and a bishopric for his son, who had become a learned man. These things were granted him, a meeting appointed for the following year, and such indulgence shown him that no reproaches were cast upon him, although he deserved many.

He now grew greatly worse. He knew no restraint, gave himself up to every excess, and went even so far as to outrage his benefactor. Foreseeing that there was nothing more for him to ask in future, he went to the forest, and summoning the spirit that had so relieved and befriended him, declared that he had an abhorence of all constraint, even such as he was made to feel only once a year, and had come to renounce for ever the favors that were to be bought only with prayers.

The spirit replied by threatening vengeance; and it was a fearful vengeance that ensued. A few days after, and the children of the guilty man were both dead. He was despoiled of all his lands through the displeasure of the lord of the canton, whom he had refused to aid in attack upon a neighboring lord. His office was also taken from him.

At last his poverty and distress became so great, that he was constained to return to his wood-cutting, in which he passed the remainder of his days, laden with shame and remorse, and abandoned by all who had ever known him.

LIKE a morning dream, life becomes more and more bright the longer we live, and the reason of everything more clear. What has puzzled us before seems less mysterious, and the crooked paths look straighter as we approach the end.

CLARICE.

I did not hate Clarice Stanley, because I was taught in childhood to believe that the harboring for one brief moment of that emotion was an unpardonable sin, and I thus acquired a habit of trying to see everybody with a charitable eye. I must honestly confess that I had no other reason for not positively hating her. She was a marvellously beautiful creature. How beautiful I cannot say; but she was the handsomest woman I ever saw, and no man ever came into her presence and remained half an hour without making a downright fool of himself.

Now, on the other hand, I loved my half-sister Bertha. I did not love or appreciate my stepmother until she was dying; and then I was suddenly awakened to the fact that she was a good woman, and that in loving her, I was loving the best friend I had in the world; and I was ready to promise all she wished in regard to the future of little Bertie.

I was twelve years older than this four-year-old sister, and very young to take her education into my hands; but I did it cheerfully; and tried to do my duty. I think I succeeded; for when Bertie was eighteen there was not a sweeter, prettier girl in all the country round.

We had a neighbor, a ricketty old man, with every complaint known, whose only safeguard was his great wealth.

Well, this man died; and in a week his heir came down to Granby Hall to view his vast inheritance. Bertie, dear little soul, had been remembered in the old man's will, for her bowls of soup and morning calls: and Frank Granby himself led down the snowy horse, which had been the old man's bequest, and saw my golden-haired darling. I was so fond and proud, that I should not have wondered at any man who fell in love with her; and so, of course, I was not surprised to see Frank Granby lose the indifferent face he had brought across the lawn, and carry away one very animated and full of admiration.

I did not see every glance, or hear every word that they spoke after this; but I knew they were progressing well, and was quite prepared, when, after a few weeks, Frank led her to me all blushes and modest happiness, and asked me to give them my blessing, and consent to their union. Ah, how readily I complied; for this was the realization of all my bright dreams. She would have money, position and love!

Before the summer days ended my cousin Clarice came on a visit.

I have already said she was beautiful; and she possessed—what even goes further—the most wonderful conversational powers, and manners refined to almost perfection by years of practice in the best society. She was nearly as old as myself, but far more beautiful than in her girlhood; and, when she crossed our threshold, I was as envious and jealous for Bertie's sake, as though I knew she would take our Frank away.

She knew, in a very little while, that Bertie was engaged; and, when my darling went out to cut some fresh flowers for our tea-table, she said, "Pattie, why didn't you make the child wait? She is pretty and would make a sensation in town. Why, she might marry a very rich man."

"I believe that Frank quite claims that little. His uncle has recently left a large property, and his father died but a year ago, equally rich, and left everything to Frank."

"Strange that he should select such a little wild flower. Being young, he might marry almost any one he chooses."

She was our guest, so I held my peace. But it galled me very much to do so, and I at once resolved to watch her. The very moment she saw Frank, I knew that she made up her mind to win him; and, before he had been present an hour, she had drawn him quite away from Bertie's side. He did not seem to understand that she was several years older; indeed she did not look it.

As he went away she said, "you are the only member of the male sex I have seen since I entered this town; and as I verily believe you to be the only one I shall see, I claim you for my escort."

He laughed at her and went away with the same animated face he had worn when he first met Bertie. From that moment a cloud hovered over us. At first, it was a tiny thing; but gradually it grew larger, until it quite dimmed our lives. Frank became as wax in Clarice's strong hands.

Then there were nights when my darling came to my room, and crept into my arms, and lay her tear-wet cheek close to mine sobbing, "Oh, Pattie, dear sister, my heart is breaking."

The autumn drew near, and Clarice still remained with us. She was the same careless creature, and was apparently in ignorance of the fact that she was the cause of the broken engagement, and that in our abode Frank Granby's face was seen no more. I was not ignorant of the fact, or that the roses were fleeing from Bertie's cheek, and the happiness from her young heart; and there was not a night that I did not pray for her.

One day, Clarice came to me; and settling her drapery around her, she sat back in her chair, and looking out from her half-closed eyes, she said, dreamily, "Pattie, you hate me bitterly, I dare say; but where's the use? I cannot help loving Frank, or prevent him from loving me. He could not be happy with your baby sister, and you must not blame him. We are to be married in three weeks from to-day."

"Very well."

"How icy you are! Bless me! what a miserable looking wretch!"

The last sentence had no particular reference to me, but to a man who was crossing the lawn to the back door. I went out to him.

A wretch! It was a fair name for him. He was not ill-looking, but he was indeed wretched. There was the dust and mud of one week's travel, at least, clinging to his heavy shoes, and a dirty, half-grown beard hiding the lower part of his face. His coat was ragged and ill-fitting, and his linen limp and dirty. I spoke and asked his errand.

"I am hungry, I am tired, I am poor, and out of work," he answered.

"You shall have food; come in."

He came and sat upon the doorstep.

"Couldn't you find a few days' work for me in all those fields yonder? I can work well, ma'am?"

My answer did not come readily; and he spoke again.

"I see! I don't blame you. It is the way of the world. You cannot trust such an ill-looking vagabond as I. Give me plenty of water, a little soap, a comb, and shaving materials, and I shall be a man."

I had lived the greater part of my life in that quiet country place, and had learned to be a trifle cold to strangers, and most of all to such as he; but something possessed me then, and I bade him enter, called one of the farm-laborers, and asked him to supply the man with the necessary toilet articles and clean clothes.

In half an hour he again came before me. I was surprised at the change. John, the farm-laborer, had provided him with a clean suit of clothes, and his face was clean shaven, and his hair combed smoothly.

"Your name is Mis Patience Stanleigh," he said.

"Yes," I replied in wonder.

"I have got a long story to tell you. Will you come out to the end of the garden-walk across your lawn, and listen?"

And timid creature that I always was, I got up without a word, and followed him out, and listened to him. When his story was ended, I directed him to a cottage where he could lodge, and work for me; and then I went back to the house with a great peace in my heart.

I did not speak of my visitor to Clarice, or Bertie, and the former quite forgot the miserable wretch she had seen; but I sent to Granby Hall, and asked its master to come to our farm-house, I hurriedly called Clarice and Bertie out to the door; and we were sitting there admiring the rosy sunset, when Frank came up. There was a visible embarrassment in each face; but I stood up quickly, saying, "Frank, I brought you here to-night, not because I am angry at anything you have seen fit to do, but because I wish to befriend you. You mean to marry my cousin?"

"Yes," he answered, with a flush.

"You cannot."

"Who will prevent it. Not you, you envious, malicious old maid!" cried Clarice.

"Not I, indeed!"

"No, Clarice, not your cousin—but I, Mark Bradley, your husband:" and my ragged guest stepped forth from the hall.

Clarice sprang up, with a sharp cry, and then caught the trellis for support.

"Perhaps you don't believe it," cried Mark, holding out a paper excitedly towards Frank; "but 'tis true. There is the certificate. She thought me rich; but when we had been married four weeks, she found her mistake, and left me in my desolate poverty and fled. I have been ill, alone, poor, and friendless; but I have always kept an eye upon her."

With one glance at the white, trembling figure of my enemy, Frank came to me, and held out his hands.

"Pattie, can you forgive me?"

"Yes, Frank, with all my heart."

"Will Bertie forgive me?"

"Go and ask her."

I am sure she forgave him; for they were gone a long while, down in the orchard, and in three weeks they were married.

I have never seen Clarice since; but Cousin Mark is my bailiff, and a frequent visitor at Granby Hall.

HERE AND THERE.

SHORT of change—the man who had only one shirt.

FALSE hair is now made to imitate real hair so closely that it is hardly possible to tell which is switch.

THESE new styles of panters do away with newspaper hustles, and a journal must run on its merits alone.

"WHY, Mary Ann, what in the world are you doing with the scissors?" "Sure, yes told me to scallop the oysters."

"I'M not much for shtump spakin," declared a candidate; "but for honesty and capacity and int grity, I hate the divil—so I do."

CONSIDERATE father—"You should eat graham bread, my son, it makes bone." Responsive youth—"H'm, I'm 'bout all bones now."

THERE is a shop kept by a handsome widow in the Strand, in the window of which appear these words: "No reasonable offer refused."

"ARE you lost my little fellow?" asked a gentleman of a four-year-old on the street the other day. "No," hesabbed, hreply, "b-but m-my mother is."

"Now, waiter, what's to pay?" "What have you had, sir?" "Three fish." "Only brought up two, sir." "I had three—two trout, and one *smelt*."

OFTENTIMES a man ransacks the whole house for a pin, and not being able to find one, drops into a chair with disgust, and is immediately rewarded for the search.

A BOY who will yell like a Tartar if a drop of water gets on his shirt-band when his neck is being washed, can crawl through a sewer after a ball and think nothing of it.

UPON the death of a Danbury woman who was a chronic borrower, an unlucky neighbor observed: "She won't be buried there a week before she'll be calling on the other tenants for their flowers."

"JOHN," said a doting parent, to her grumbling son, "do you really think you can eat the whole of that pudding with impunity?" "I don't know, ma," replied young hopeful, "but I guess I can with a spoon."

"PETER, don't you enjoy the astronomical phenomena these evenings?" said a well-to-do citizen, residing in West Harrisburg, the other day. "Clare to goodness, I never tried 'em; mush-melons my favorite dish."

A NEWPORT girl had a fall last week, and injured herself so severely that she was carried home insensible. Upon recovering, her first words, addressed to her sister, were: "Mary, did I have on my striped stockings?"

"I KNOW that I ought to pay up that little bill I owe the washerwoman," mused a fashionable "swell," the other day. And then he continued thoughtfully: "But then I can't, for I've got to have a new pair of lavender kids."

"You see, dearest," said the enraptured Elwin, "a fellow can't exist without his heart; and as you happen to have mine, of course I can't exist without you." "Oh you absurb creature!" said the delighted Angelina.

"SPEAKING of bathing," said Mrs. Partington, "some can bathe with perfect impunity in water as cold as Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strands; but for my part I prefer to have the water a little torpid."

A PROFESSOR was expostulating with a student for his idleness, when the latter said, "It's no use; I was cut out for a loafer." "Well," declared the professor, surveying the student critically, "whoever cut you out understood his business."

"You see," said Uncle Job, "my wife's a cur'ous woman. She scrimped and saved and almost starved all of us to get our parlor furnished nice, and now she won't let one of us go into it, and baint had even the window blinds of it open for a month. She is a cur'ous woman!"

"ON the base ball grounds yesterday," says the Burlington *Hawk Eye*, "a red-hot ball struck the batter just where his mother used to feel for him with her slipper, and the umpire shouted, 'dead ball.' 'Dead ball!' retorted the striker struck, 'if there's a live ball on the ground, that's it.'"

"How much will your new school books cost, Johnny?" says father. Johnny calculates to himself, *sotto voce*: "Lemme see; 62 cents for the singing book, 75 cents for a new arithmetic, $1.25 for a new 'jography,' 25 cents for a hockey, half a dollar for a new bat, and a quarter for candy." Then out loud says:—"'bout four dollars, pa!"

A GENTLEMAN who had married a second time, indulged in recurring too often in conversation to the beauties and virtues of his first consort. He had, however, barely discernment enough to discover that the subject was not an agreeable one to his present lady. "Excuse me, madam," said he, "I can not help expressing my regrets for the dear deceased." "Upon my honor," said the lady, "I can most heartily affirm that I am as sincere a mourner for her as you can be."

THERE is a young lady residing in the northern part of the city who can whistle like a little man. In fact she can whistle louder and better than most men, and she doesn't care who hears her. She was on the street yesterday morning, whistling "Yankee Doodle" good and strong, and walking behind her a rod or so was a laboring man. When her whistle came to a stop he overlook her and asked:

"Did you hear anyone whistling?"

"Yes," she answered.

"It wasn't me," he said.

"No; it was me," she replied.

"Is that so?" he exclaimed, coming to a halt. "Well, when I heard it I thought I'd be-durned if it was me, and now I'm be-durned 'cause it was you! You don't chew tobacco, do you?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

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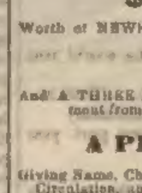

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ONE IMPROVED SHAPE PLATED COLLAR STUD.
ONE LADIES' HEAVY WEDDING RING.
ONE ROLLED PLATE GENTS' WATCH CHAIN.

1 DOLLAR LOT.

ONE SET GOLD FRONT SPIRAL SHIRT STUDS.
ONE PAIR PLAIN CHASED SLEEVE BUTTONS.
ONE LADIES' HEAVY WEDDING RING.
ONE LADIES' ENGRAVED ENGAGEMENT RING.
ONE HANDSOME ROLL PLATE WATCH CHAIN.
ONE ALASKA DIAMOND BOSOM PIN.
ONE LADIES' FINE NECK CHAIN.
ONE ENGRAVED LOCKET FOR ABOVE.
ONE GENTS' HEAVY SILVERED RING.

2 DOLLAR LOT.

ONE LADIES' LONG ROLL PLATE WATCH CHAIN.
ONE SET GOLD FRONT PIN AND EARRINGS.
ONE LADIES' ROMAN GOLD NECK CHAIN.
ONE HANDSOME CROSS FOR ABOVE.
ONE PAIR ONYX SLEEVE BUTTONS.
ONE PAIR PLAIN ENGRAVED SLEEVE BUTTONS.
ONE AMETHYST STONE RING SET WITH PEARLS.
ONE PAIR GENUINE GOLDSTONE SLEEVE BUTTONS.
ONE LADIES' BAND ENGAGEMENT RING.

3 DOLLAR LOT.

ONE GENTS' GOLD-PLATED WATCH CHAIN.
ONE PAIR GOLD FRONT ONYX SLEEVE BUTTONS.
ONE SET OF STUDS TO MATCH THE ABOVE.
ONE FINE TOPAZ RING.
ONE ROLL-PLATED VEST CHAIN.
ONE TWO-PICTURE LOCKET FOR ABOVE.
ONE SOLID SILVER FINGER RING.
ONE AMETHYST RING SET WITH PEARLS.
ONE FINE ENAMELLED TOP COLLAR STUD.
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ONE ROLLED GOLD FOB CHAIN.
ONE TWO-PICTURE ENGRAVED LOCKET FOR ABOVE.
ONE PLATED SEAL RING.
ONE PLATED TOPAZ RING.
ONE ROMAN GOLD NECK CHAIN.
ONE HANDSOME CHASED LOCKET FOR ABOVE.
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THIS MOUSTACHE produced on a smooth face by the use of Dean's Hair Tonic without injury, or will forfeit $100. Price by mail in sealed package 25 cents, for three 50 cents. A. L. SMITH & CO., Agts., Palmyra, N. Y.

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are the most beautiful in style and perfect in tone ever made. They have *the* celebrated Concerto stop, which is a fine imitation *of the* Human Voice, and two and a half Octaves *of* bells tuned in perfect harmony with *the* reeds, and their effect is magical and electrifying. WATERS' CLARIONA, ORCHESTRAL, CONCERTO, VESPER, CENTENNIAL, Chimes CHAPEL, & COTTAGE ORGANS, in Unique French Cases combine PURITY of VOICING with great volume of tone; suitable for PARLOR or CHURCH.

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PARTRIDGE & NOYES, General Agents, 1006

THE FASHIONS.

The fancy in hats and bonnets now seems to be a preference for dark colors, rather than the light creams and pearl-gray tints of last winter. One sees but few light felts—yet there are many dark blue and brown felts worn, and even myrtle green.

IN BONNETS.

the prevailing shape is the close front; high and somewhat pointed crown. These are shown in felt and velvet. In velvet bonnets, there is another shape, however, which shares general favor. This shape has a lower crown, and a wider rim at the sides. A wreath of roses encircles the crown, being somewhat massed on the top. Long strings of cardinal ribbon hang from the back of the crown.

IN FELT HATS,

the fancy is to trim with one or two rows around the crown of cable cord in chenille. Sometimes the rim is edged with it, and cluster of loops of silk and velvet, with two or three ostrich tips is added.

Children's hats or bonnets have soft crowns of shirred velvet, and quilled fronts. A basket-woven ribbon is turned loosely about the crown, tied in hanging loops behind, and intermingled with sprays of flowers.

FOR LITTLE BOYS,

dark felt hats are much in vogue. The sailor costume is also still worn, but not trimmed with white as hitherto. Black or dark blue braid is used for binding collar, cuffs, and trimming pants.

THE POLONAISE

appears in many forms. One of the most popular has the Marguerite back with double side forms, one reaching to the shoulders; and arm seye seams extending to below the hips. The drapery for the most part consists of that which naturally accrues from tying back the front and side widths; the back is scarcely draped at all. A very pretty suit, quite recently imported from Paris, was of navy blue cashmere, trimmed with cardinal red, and was made in this fashion. The underskirt had a ten inch flounce of the navy blue pleated on, and at the bottom of it, a narrow pleating of cardinal silk. Above this flounce is a plain bias fold of the cardinal silk. The polonaise, which is the feature of the suit, has three small bias folds of the cardinal silk around the edge. These folds also run up the side seams, and half way up, curve inward towards the centre of the front, until they reach the waist, where at the belt they end. Crochet-buttons of cardinal silk, close the front. About the middle of the bust are placed, one above the other, two cardinal bows. Coat sleeves, with pleated ruffle of the blue edged with cardinal, and band of cardinal ribbon, with bow on the outer seam. Round standing collar of navy blue lined and edged with cardinal. Cardinal bow, with long loops, placed to the left of right side, and slightly draping the polonaise in that place.

A suit of gros grain and *damasse* silk, had at the bottom of the gros grain underskirt, which, by the way, was dark brown in color, an eight-inch blue flounce, with a French hem. Above this was a knife-pleated flounce of same depth, the pleating stitched down to within half of the depth. Overskirt of *damasse* with two folded scarfs, edged with fine knife-pleating, and laid diagonally across the front. Pocket low down on the right side formed of alternate pleats of *damasse* and gros grain, and having bows of ribbon at the top and bottom. Sleeveless cuirass of *damasse* with deeply pointed back, corded around the edge with three cords of alternate *damasse* and silk. Sleeves of gros grain with *damasse* cuffs and pleatings. Round standing collar of gros grain, lined with *damasse*, and edged with three cords.

A VERY STYLISH SUIT

of woolen goods, arabesqued with Eastern designs of palm and fern leaves, is shown in two shades of plum color. The underskirt is of the lighter shade, and is arabesqued in tracery of darker plum color. It has two flounces on the lower skirt, one gathered, the other pleated. The overdress is of a dark shade of plum, arabesqued in silver. It is deep and long, and is corded on the edge with three silk cords, one of dark plum color, one of lighter, and one of silver gray. It is looped on the left side by means of upturned folds held in place by buttons of the three shades. A long pleated pocket is placed low down on the right side, and is lined with plum color, and trimmed with buttons. The sleeves are of the same shade as the underskirt, and are laid in upturned pleats, held in place on the outer seam by buttons to match those that loop the overskirt. The cuirass basque is of the dark shade of plum, arabesqued with silver gray. Hat of plum-colored felt of a dark shade, trimmed with velvet of a lighter shade, and plumes of the two shades tipped with silver gray. Rouleau across the forehead of pale sky-blue silk, with a cluster of periwinkles with cream-colored centres.

A noticable hat of the Gainsborough shape, which has the tall tapering crown, and wide rim, is shown in dark green felt lined with velvet of the same shade. The front bends over the forehead and the left side turns sharply up against the crown. A shaded line of loghorn feathers is placed between the rim and crown, and held in place by a jet buckle, mingled with steel. Ostrich tips of dark and light green, are placed, one falling over the crown, towards the back, the other towards the front of the hat. A cluster of cardinal red roses droops from below the rim on the right side at the back.

OUR WORK TABLE.

We shall give a description of an infant's robe dress, suitable for a christening or other occasions. The quantity of material required are four and a half yards of fine nainsook or Bishop's lawn, and twelve yards of Valenciennes insertion an inch and a half wide; also ten yards of Valenciennes, or French lace, two inches wide. Tuck by machine a yard of the nainsook—that is, after the tucking is done it must measure a yard. Let the tucks be fine, not over the eighth or twelfth of an inch wide. Cut bias strips of this tucking, and upon a piece of tissue paper, cut in the form and length of a gored front piece of an infants robe, baste rows of tucking and alternate with insertion. Lay on these pieces diagonally across the piece of paper, joining very carefully and neatly the edges of the insertion and the tucked strips. Baste first and then stitch by machine. Afterwards tear away the paper. Hot this piece in the front and place the side pieces beside it, fitting them carefully in. Stitch together by machine, and lay upon the seam so formed, a band of the lace insertion, and edge the outer side, or side nearest the back widths, with the lace edging. If for a christening, bows of white ribbon may be placed at regular intervals down the sides and a white sash used. This last should be of soft white serge silk with deeply fringed ends, and should also be tied in the back. A deep hem edges the robe. It is trimmed at the top with a rather full frill of the lace. Cottage cap of same lace and insertion, with white bows for a christening, and cardinal, or blue, or brown, for ordinary occasions. We furnish patterns of this robe for 60 cents, and two stamps for postage.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Mary L. C., (Louisiana).—Make your navy blue suit after patterns described in gossip on Fashions of this month. If you do not like the cardinal red trimming, use a darker shade of blue silk, or else black. The Gainsborough hat in felt, or what is termed pine-apple braid, would be very becoming to you. The hair can be made into earrings, pin and bracelet, owing quite enough for all. The cost will be twenty dollars, if you wish the articles mounted here.

"Kate and Julia."—"Kate" had better make a smoking cap for her friend, and "Julia" a shaving case. NINON.

ATTAINMENT.

BY T. G. LA MOILLE.

How early joys before these later flee!
The many dollars give us pleasure more
Than scanty board of pennies did of yore.
Oh, to once more from sordid cares be free;
We little dream of what shall, "sometime," be.
Boyhood thinks climbing mole-hills acts sublime;
Manhood is palled with glories famed for time.
There's bliss beyond no mortal eye can see,
More than youth's airy dreams so realized;
For such are shadows, real life is true,
The sweet and bitter thus so fairly given,
Teach Virtue, Peace, Love's Charity best prized;
To others act as you would have them do,
Have happy homes, long lives, prepare for Heaven!

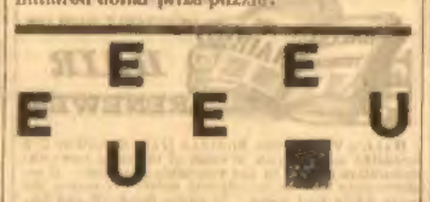
ANSWERS TO THE PRIZE PUZZLE.

When the offer was made in these columns, of one hundred dollars for the first correct answer to a puzzle, it was interesting, amusing, and not a little instructive to listen to the various comments made on the subject.

Old experienced doubters declared it was only a humbug. The public have so often been gulled by such offers, that we could not blame any one for doubting, but it gave us no uneasiness, as all will be able to see the fairness of the offer when the answer is given.

Some friends who knew the offer was *bona-fide*, thought the expense too great, —that ten dollars would have been enough, taking it for granted that the right answer would certainly be found. We were willing to take that risk, though by no means certain that the prize would not be fairly claimed.

Very soon the answers came pouring in. All of these have been preserved for reference. Many of them showed much ingenuity; some had evidently been studied with great care, others were mere guesses, as will be seen in the specimens given below. Here is the correct solution of the hundred dollar prize puzzle:



The line is a *printer's rule*; then come *four E's of one size*; *U*'s and a patch of *black ink*. We now put these together in their regular order, and reading by sound we have the following very good suggestion, which we hope all our correspondents will follow, viz.: *Printers rule; for ease of one's eyes, use black ink.*

It is now very plain, not as far-fetched as rebuses usually are, and entirely fair.

As no one succeeded in finding the correct answer, the hundred dollars is still on hand ready to be used in some other way to add to the attractions of the POST.

The following selections from the numerous answers received show how differently the same thing is viewed by different persons:

For ease above, you square off below.
For ease use plainness.
You send for the POST.
For ease use specs.
Easy for thee to use a check.
Before you ease square up.
For ease use a square.
When you are square with the world you are at ease.
A blank follows useless ease. (This answer was telegraphed from Louisiana.)
We meet you on the level; we part you on the square.
For ease use a simple plan.
Every ease you enjoy ends before you die.
Ever do you the square thing.
For ease you must look above you to heaven.
Subscribe to the SATURDAY EVENING POST. (This is certainly a very good suggestion. The author made out this answer by cutting the letters of the puzzle to pieces and putting them together in this form.)
It is easy to use printer's ink.
For ease use rest.
For ease use black ink. (This was the nearest to a correct answer of any received.)

It would take too much space to give one-quarter of the answers received. Scarcely any two are alike. Although no one succeeded in taking the prize, it is believed that the pleasant exercise of the brains in trying for it more than paid for the time taken.

Next week we shall publish the answers to the three puzzles for which a reward of twenty-five dollars each was offered.

THE BOY MARTYR.

BY MRS. GOODWIN.

"Willie Dent's mother hears him say his prayers every night. Willie told me so."

Georgie Manson said this with a kind of pleading look up in the face of his step-mother, who waited to see him in bed.

"Don't stand there talking," returned the woman, with cold impatience. "Get into bed, and let me cover you up. I'm tired, and want to go to bed myself."

Georgie gave a spring, and was under the bed-clothes in a moment. His step-mother started out of the room.

"Don't shut the door, mother," begged the boy, starting up as he heard the click of the latch.

"Well, there, what a cowardly child!" the woman exclaimed, re-opening the door with a smart push. Then she went through the next chamber and disappeared.

Georgie Manson lay thinking of the sweet good-night kisses of his own dear mother, who had died two years before, when he was six, and whom he distinctly remembered. If she was an angel now, he wondered how she looked, and if she really did come to see him, and if she loved his new mother.

In about half an hour, he heard his step-mother return to her chamber, out of which his opened.

"Mother," he called, "when will father come home from the Continent?"

"I can't tell. In about a month, maybe. Go to sleep."

Georgie nestled his head upon the pillow and closed his eyes resolutely. Mrs. Manson continued walking about her room for some time, removing from her bed various articles of wearing apparel and replacing the same in her wardrobe.

When order was perfectly restored, she began preparing herself for bed. One last thing, during her husband's absence of several weeks, was never omitted. Mr. Manson had left a considerable sum of money in her care; it was in a pocket-book behind the lower drawer of her bureau, where she thought no one would think of looking. She had no fears of losing the money, none at all; and yet she fell asleep more readily, if, night by night, she pulled out the drawer and touched the golden deposit.

So to-night, everything else completed, she went over to her bureau. She knelt, drew out the drawer, which she rested on the floor, and reached in beyond. What! she did not feel the pocket-book. Yet it surely was there—oh, yes. She said it could not have been disturbed; and yet the candle shook in her hand as she brought it hurriedly across the chamber. Placing her light on the floor before the bureau, she bent low and looked into the space. The pocket-book was not there! Springing to her feet with a wild glare, Mrs. Manson dashed into the room where Georgie lay asleep and bent over the bed.

"Georgie!" she cried, with all her terror in her voice, and shaking the boy roughly by the shoulder; "wake up this instant and tell me, you little wretch, what you have done with that pocket-book."

"Do you mean papa's money?" returned the child, sitting up suddenly, with great, staring eyes.

"To be sure. What have you done with it? Where is it?"

"I haven't seen it," answered the boy, white as death.

"You are deceiving me. I'll whip you till you tell. How came you to know anything about the pocket-book?" And the angry step-mother gave Georgie another rude shake, as if she intended to dislocate every joint in his tender frame.

"I," said the boy, crying with pain and fright—"I saw papa when he gave it to you—and—and——"

"Oh, you did! What business had you to do it, or to remember it, if you did? Well, what else, you miserable——"

"I've seen you look behind the drawer a good many times to see if it was safe." The boy uttered his confession with as great trepidation as if he feared each separate syllable would prove a terrible witness against him.

"So you own to knowing where I kept it? This comes of indulging you with having your bedroom door open. Now do you tell me where the money is, or I'll certainly carry you down to the cellar, and let the awful creatures eat you up."

The boy still protested he knew nothing what had become of it. But, of course, the woman would not believe him.

"You're a naughty, wicked child!" she cried, giving him a blow on the side of the head which felled him to the pillow, where he lay gasping with close-shut eyes and fingers, and uttering every now and then a low, piercing shriek.

The step-mother, shaking all over with rage and excitement, went again and made thorough search for the missing object; but with no success. She returned to the bedside.

"Georige, stop your crying, quick. You'll have something to cry for, if you keep on deceiving me. Have you ever told anybody where the pocket-book was kept? Tell me the truth, or I'll whip you to death."

The child protested again and again that he had told no one.

"Then do you dare to tell me," said the woman, lifting her voice to a scream, "that you don't know what has become of the pocket-book? It was safe last night; there's been no human being in these rooms but you and I. I'm going to shut you up and go away."

Georgie wept on convulsively. The woman dragged him out of bed, thrust him into a closet and shut the door upon him. There he remained all night, crying bitterly, with short intervals when he was too much exhausted to make any sound. The woman slept as little as he; she sat up the whole night, keeping as still as possible, however, for she wished Georgie to believe he was deserted and alone. Pity was the last sentiment she was likely to feel for him. She said to herself that when he had been punished enough, he would confess. She wondered whether he had spent any of the money—perhaps he would share it with other boys; she would give warning at the fruit shops early the next day.

In the morning, as Georgie was still obstinate, he was neither allowed to leave his chamber nor have any breakfast. His step-mother tied him by his hands to the knob of the closet door, and assured him he would be kept there, and starved to death, unless he confessed what he had done with the pocket-book. Her loss was made public; but the excitement it would naturally have created was measurably counteracted by another, yet more exciting—particularly as Mrs. Manson had likewise made known her conviction that her step-son was the thief, so that her neighbors saw nothing they could do to assist her.

The more exciting story of the two—and very ridiculous it was, as everybody said, and then went on repeating it—was that a couple of young men, coming into the village late the night but one before, when crossing the river bridge, had seen a ghost! Ghost stories have been popular in all ages, and among all nations. This ghost was first discovered gliding down the path towards the river, at a point a short distance below the bridge, where the village boys were in the habit of going in to swim. It wore long, white garments, in the approved style of ghostliness—it slowly disappeared among the trees on the bank of the river.

Thus poor Mrs. Manson had her grief and indignation pretty much to herself. Three days and nights passed, and Georgie had eaten nothing except a little bread, and had lain only on the bare floor. Finding that denial only brought him punishment, he ceased to say anything; then he was called sullen, and beaten for sullenness as he had been for lying. At last, his cheeks flushed with fever, and he grew delirious. Then he was put in bed, where he lay, moaning and helpless, through several days and nights, till, finally, the pitiless woman confessed to herself there was cause for alarm. She went to a doctor, and obtained a sedative for Georgie, which she administered, and seeing that he fell asleep almost immediately, shut the door between the two chambers, and went to bed to enjoy the first sound rest since the excitement she had experienced.

That night, Georgie Manson's father was returning home. He had received a dispatch from his wife the day after the money was lost, and had traveled over a thousand miles to his home, reaching the last station very late in the evening, whence he had proceeded on foot.

Of course, this gentleman had heard nothing of the ghost which had formed the staple gossip of the neighborhood a few days before; yet almost in the exact spot where the others had seen it, the ghost appeared to to him. Unlike the original ghost-seers, who had run away as fast as their legs could carry them, Mr. Manson crept off the end of the bridge, and made his way silently to the path by which the "woman in white" was approaching. Nearer it came, and he saw—with less surprise than most men might—that the ghost was his own wife, walking in her sleep! Once before he had known her do the same thing; and she had told him it was a habit of her childhood.

She passed without seeing him; he followed, to watch and prevent her doing herself an injury. The woman went straight to a hollow tree, reached in and took out the identical pocket-book, the cause of so much wrong and misery. Her husband followed her back to the house, woke her, and at once related what he had seen.

The remorse of the wretched woman when she knew that Georgie was as innocent as he had declared himself, need not be described. Let us also draw a veil over the father's feelings as he looked upon his hapless boy. With tender nursing, the child recovered; but the mother had learned a lesson, the effect of which on her character will never be effaced. She has since been a mother, indeed, to her little step-son, not quite a martyr.

THE MISER'S BEQUEST.

The hour-hand of Philip Acre's old fashioned silver watch was pointing to the figure eight—the snug red curtains shut out the rain and darkness of the March night, and the fire snapped and cracked behind the red-hot bars of the little grate, in a most cozy and comfortable sort of way, casting a rosy shine into the thoughtful brown eyes that were tracing castles and coronets in the brightly burning coals.

For Philip Acre was, for once, indulging himself in the dangerous fascinations of a day-dream.

"If I were only rich!" he pondered to himself. "Ah, *if!* Then good-bye to all these musty old law-books; good-bye to mended boots, and turned coats, and all the ways and means that turn a man's life into wretched bondage. Wouldn't I revel in new books and delicious paintings, and high-stepping horses? Wouldn't I buy a set of jewels for Edith—not pale pearls, or sickly emeralds, but diamonds, to blaze like links of fire upon her royal throat? Wouldn't —what nonsense I'm talking, though!" he cried suddenly to himself. "Phil Acre, hold your tongue. I did suppose you were a fellow of more sense. Here you are, neither rich nor distinguished, but a simple law student; while Edith Wylie is as far above your moon-struck aspirations as the Queen of Night herself! She loves me, though—she will wait—and the time may one day come. If only Dr. Wylie were not so distrustful of a fellow! However, I must learn to prove myself worthy of the sweetest prize that ever—Hallo! come in there, whoever you are!"

It was only the serving maid of the lodging-house, carrying a letter in the corner of her apron, between her finger and thumb.

"Please, sir, the postman has just left it."

"All right, Katy. Now then," he added, as the door closed behind Katy's substantial back, "let's see what my unknown correspondent has to say. A black seal eh? Not having any relations to lose, I am not alarmed at the prognostic."

He broke the seal, and glanced leisurely over the short, business-like communication contained within, with a face that varied from incredulous surprise to sudden gladness.

"Am I dreaming?" he murmured, rubbing his eyes, and shaking himself, as if to ensure complete possession of his senses. "No, I'm wide awake, and in my right mind; it is no delusion—no part of my waking visions. But who would ever suppose that old Thomas Mortimer, whom I haven't seen since I was a boy of sixteen, and picked him out of the river half dead between cramp and fright, would die and leave me all his money? Why, I'm not the shadow of a relation; but then I never heard that the old man had any kith or kin, so I can't imagine any harm in taking advantage of his odd freak. Rich—am I really to be rich? Is my Aladdin vision to be an actual fact? Oh, Edith, Edith!"

He clasped both hands over his eyes, sick and giddy with the thought that the lovely far-off star of his adoration would be brought near to him at last by the magnet gold. All those years of patient waiting were to be bridged over by the strange old miser's bequest; he might claim Edith now.

How full of heart-sunshine were the weeks that fitted over the head of the accepted lover—brightened by Edith's smile—made beautiful by the soft radiance of Edith's love. There was only one alloying shadow—the almost imperceptible touch of distrust and suspicion with which stern old Dr. Wylie regarded his future son-in-law. Ah! he feared to trust his only child to the keeping of any man who had not been proved in the fiery furnace of trial.

It was precisely a week before the day appointed for the wedding, and the soft lights veiled by shades of ground glass were just lighted in Dr. Wylie's drawing-room, where Edith sat among her white roses and heliotrope, working on a bit of cambric ruffling, and singing to herself. She was a slender, beautiful girl, with violet eyes, a blue-veined forehead, and glossy abundant curls, of that pale gold that old painters love to portray.

"I wonder if Mortimer Place is so very lovely," she said to a silver-haired lady who sat opposite. "Philip is going to take me there, when we return from our wedding tour, aunty; he says it is the sweetest place a poet's fancy can devise, with fountains and shrubberies, and delicious copses. Oh, shall we not be happy there?"

She started up, with a bright, sudden blush; for even while the words were trembling on her lips, Philip Acre came into the room, his handsome face looking a little troubled, yet cheerful withal. Mrs. Wylie, with an arch nod at her neice, disappeared into the perfumed perspective of the conservatory, leaving the lovers to themselves.

"You are looking grave, Philip," said Edith, as he bent over and kissed her cheek.

"And I am feeling so, darling. I have a very unpleasant disclosure to make to-night—our marriage must be postponed indefinitely."

"Philip, for what reason?"

"To enable me, by diligent labor at my profession, to realize sufficient means to support you, dearest, in a manner satisfactory to your father's expectations and my own wishes."

"But, Philip, I thought——"

"You thought me the heir of Thomas Mortimer's wealth? So I was, Edith, a few hour since, but I have relinquished all claim to it now. When I accepted the bequest, I was under the impression that no living heir existed. I learnt to-day that a distant cousin—a woman—is alive, although, my lawyer tells me, in ignorance of her relationship to Thomas Mortimer. Of course, I shall transfer the property to her immediately."

"But, Philip, the will has made it legally yours."

"Legally, it has; but, Edith, could I reconcile it to my ideas of truth and honor, to avail myself of old Mortimer's fanciful freak at this woman's expense? I might take the hoarded wealth, but I should never respect myself again, could I dream of *legally* defrauding the rightful heir. Nay, dearest, I may lose name and wealth, but I would rather die than suffer a single stain on my honor as a Christian gentleman!"

"You have done *right*, Philip," said Edith, with sparkling eyes. We will wait, and hope on, happy in loving one another more dearly than ever. But who is she? What is her name?"

"That's just what I didn't stop to inquire. I will write again to my lawyer to ask these questions, and to direct that a deed of conveyance be instantly made out; and then, darling——"

His lips quivered a moment—yet he manfully completed the bitter sentence. "Then I will begin the battle of life once again."

And Edith's loving eyes told him what she thought of his noble self-abnegation—a sweet testimonial."

"Hem!" said Dr. Wyllis, polishing his eye-glasses magisterically, with a silk crimson pocket-handkerchief; "I didn't suppose the young fellow had so much stamina about him—a very honorable thing to do. Edith, I have never felt exactly about Phil Acre's being worthy of you before——"

"Papa!"

"But my mind is made up now. When is he coming again?"

"This evening," faltered Edith, the violet eyes softly drooping.

"Tell him, Edith, that he may have you next wednesday, just the same as ever! And as for the law-practising—why, here's time enough for that afterwards. Child, don't strangle me with your kisses; keep 'em for Phil."

He looked after his daughter with eyes that were strangely dim.

"Tried—and *not* found wanting," he muttered, indistinctively.

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The perfume of orange-blossoms had died away, the glimmer of pearls and satin were hidden in velvet caskets and travelling trunks—and Mr. and Mrs. Acres, old married people of full a month's duration, were driving along a country road, in the amber glow of a glorious June sunset.

"Hallo! which way is Thomas going?" said Philip, leaning from the window, as the carriage turned out of the main road.

"I told him the direction to take, Phil!" said Edith, with bright, sparkling eyes. "Let me have my own way, just for once! We are going to our new home."

"Are we?" said Phil, with a comical grimace, "It is to be love in a cottage, I suppose?"

"Wait until you see, sir!" said Mrs. Acre, pursing her little rose-bud of a mouth. And Philip waited dutifully.

"Where are we?" he asked, in astonishment, when the carriage drew up in front of a stately pillared portico, which seemed to be not unfamiliar to him. "Surely, this is Mortimer Place!"

"I shouldn't be surprised if it was!" said Dr. Wyllis, emerging from the doorway. "Walk in, my boy—come, Edith! Well, how do you like your new home?"

"Our new home!" repeated Philip. "I do not understand you, sir."

"Why, I mean that your little wife yonder is the sole surviving relative of Thomas Mortimer, although she never knew it till this morning. Her mother was old Mortimer's cousin, but some absurd quarrel had caused a total cessation of intercourse between the two branches of the family. I was aware of the facts all along; but I wasn't sorry to avail myself of the opportunity of seeing what kind of stuff you were made of, Phil Acre! And now, as the deed of conveyance isn't made out yet, I don't suppose your lawyer need trouble himself about it. The heiress won't quarrel with you, I'll be bound!"

Philip Acre's cheek flushed, and then grew pale with strong, hidden emotion, as he looked at his fair wife, standing beside him, when the sunset turned her bright hair to coils of shining gold, and thought how unerringly the hand of Providence had straightened out the tangled web of his destiny. Out of the darkness had come light!

SCIENTIFIC.

FIRES have been caused in benzine scrubbing by the sparks of electricity, produced during the process, igniting the spirit.

STRIPS of paper dipped in a cobalt salt solution containing common salt and gum arabic, can be used as hygrometers. In dry weather they are blue, and in wet rose red.

THE use of a solution of borax, instead of alcohol, for the preservation of anatomical preparations, has been suggested by M. Schmetzler. His experiments show that the decay of organic matter can be prevented by the action of such a solution.

THE light of schoolrooms should always be arranged to fall on the left hand side of the scholar, and the window accommodation should be one-fifth of the floor space; the limitation of this requirement is said to be the cause of short sight among the Germans.

A COMPARATIVE trial of the relative advantages of dynamite, gun-cotton and gunpowder was recently made at the railway tunnel works under Clifton Down, with the result of showing that dynamite is much superior to either gun-cotton or gunpowder.

THERE has been brought out a new and improved five-barrelled Gatling gun, which, in lightness and rapidity of fire, excels any gun heretofore made on the Gatling system. The gun weighs only ninety-seven pounds, and fires one thousand shots per minute.

A NEW species of ferrugenous acidulated water, called Orezza water, has lately been imported from Corsica, where numerous springs of mineral water exist. This water contains large proportions of carbonic acid, and of the carbonates of iron and manganese.

PROFESSOR Chapman, of University College, Toronto, says that the object of the saltness of sea water is to regulate evaporation. If any temporary cause raises the amount of saline matter in the sea to more than its normal value, evaporation goes on more and more slowly.

BLUE and scarlet colors, in juxtaposition, cause, it is known, a dazzling effect on the eyes. It is stated that these colors, strung on a line and placed over strawberry or other beds, produce a puzzling effect on birds, so much so that none will enter the garden while the colors flutter in the air.

M. Galletel has discovered that when an iron plate is attacked by sulphuric acid being poured over it, a portion of the hydrogen produced is absorbed by the metal, and the pressure of the gas which is accumulated between two iron plates, welded together, is sufficient to counterbalance a column of mercury thirteen and three-fourths inches high.

MM. LECHARTIER and Bellamy have submitted cherries, gooseberries, figs, lemons and chestnuts to fermentation, and find the result similar to those with apples and pears; they consider that life exists in fruit and grain until destroyed by fermentation, and that it is not exhausted until all fermentable matter is converted to alcohol and carbonic acid.

EXPERIMENTS for warming passenger cars by a stove, which is placed outside, have been tried on some French railways. It is said that a single stove is sufficient for a whole car, and that the expense is very small indeed, twenty-six pounds of coal keeping up the fire for about two hundred miles. The warmed air circulates inside the car.

THE North Adams *Transcript* says the temperature of the Hoosac Tunnel, at North Adams, Mass., is about the same all the year round, the thermometer standing generally at 60 deg. The air is pure except when there are a great many trains going through, filling the tunnel with smoke, the tunnel being able to thoroughly ventilate itself under ordinary circumstances.

IT is now pretty generally admitted, said Mr. E. W. Binney, F. R. S., at a recent meeting of the Manchester Library and Philosophical Society, that fire-damp explosions are all caused by there being too little pure air and too much gas in a mine. The expedients necessary to prevent such disasters will somewhat increase the cost of getting out coal, but are indispensable to the proper protection of human life. In a fiery mine constant circulation of the air should be insisted on, and an anemometer should be used to register the rate of atmospheric motion. A careful watch over this instrument would detect danger whenever its movement greatly slackened or ceased. Mr. Binney thinks that blasting coal by gunpowder should not be allowed in mines where the Davy safety lamps are in common use.

CORRESPONDENCE.

KATE (Yardleyville, Pa.)—You are quite right in forgiving your lover after the way he wrote to you.

DR. J. R. (Apalena.)—George Washington was a Free Mason, and Grand Master at the time of his death. President Grant is a member of no church, but attends the Methodist.

H. J. (Lebanon, Tenn.)—"Please tell me who was the heaviest man that ever lived?" Daniel Lambert was the heaviest man that ever lived. He exhibited himself in London in 1806, and died in 1809. He weighed upwards of 739 pounds.

A. D. QUIGLY, (Kansas City, Mo.) asks: "Please inform me through the POST the best and most durable way of crystallizing grasses for autumnal bouquets." Dry the leaves, place them in a strong solution of alum and dry them again.

A. L. BENSON, (Union, N. Y.)—We have no rooms for Centennial boarders. Write to Rev. E. M. Long, corner of Twelfth and Berks street, Philadelphia, who is Superintendent of the "Agency for Providing Homes for Visitors at the Centennial Exhibition."

SCHOOL GIRL, (Poughkeepsie, N. Y.,) writes to know the meaning of "Alma Mater." It is Latin, and means a "nourishing mother." It is a term applied to a college or university by those who have graduated there to distinguish it from inferior schools of learning.

J. T. I. (Mechanicsburg, Ills.,) writes: "I am a Reader of the post a valuable paper it is would you Pleas tell me Through its columns what will Cure the Chills Have Tryed Everything Am not cured." We were once afflicted with the malady and found a change of climate most successful in effecting a cure. Turkish Baths are said to be very beneficial, and quinine properly taken is perhaps the best internal remedy. Let us advise you kindly to improve your spelling and learn the correct use of capital letters.

H. N. R., (Davenport, Iowa.)—"What is the difference between a coquette and a flirt, or is there any? Do you consider a difference of seven years between the ages of husband and wife too much?" There is but little difference between a coquette and a flirt, unless it be that the former is more systematic in her proceedings, while the latter is more giddy and thoughtless. A difference of seven years between the ages of husband and wife (the former being the elder) is not too much.

JUVENIS, (Germantown), writes: "I am about as bow-legged as they ever make them and want to know a receipt for bow-legs. I am seventeen, and ever since I was fifteen I have been getting more and more bow-legged." The crookedness of your legs probably comes from a too rapid growth. The period which you mention (from fifteen to seventeen) is one during which boys sometimes grow at a tremendous rate. By the time you are twenty-one, the phenomenon will doubtless disappear.

JOHN R., (Newtown, Bucks county, Pa.)—"I am engaged to a young lady and she is trying her best to make another young man fall in love with her. Now I don't know whether I should break off the engagement or not. What do you think about it?" What is the use of debating whether or not you should continue a marriage engagement with a young lady who is trying her best to win the love of another man? Your sense of your own dignity must be rather slight to permit such an engagement with such a girl to stand one day after discovering her duplicity.

D. J. A., (Owenton, Ky.) writes: "Several of my friends have had a dispute as to the proper way of congratulating a bride. Will you be kind enough to tell me what is *the* way to do so." The people who have had a "*dispute* as to the proper way and language to use in congratulating a bride" might have been better engaged. There is no "*the* way" about it. Any one of innumerable ways might be proper. All that is necessary is to be sincere and respectful in one's congratulations, as sincerity and respectfulness will be certain to manifest themselves in an acceptable manner.

JANE G., (Oneonta, N. Y.) writes: "There was a party given here several days ago to which my brother was invited, but to which a young lady cousin living with us and myself were not invited. Should my brother have gone, and should I call on the family hereafter?"

If the party to which your neighbors invited your brother, without inviting you and your fair cousin, who is resident in your father's family, was one which was attended by ladies as well as gentlemen, your brother should not have gone, nor should you call on the family hereafter. It was clearly a slight upon you and your cousin.

G. B., (Kalamazoo, Mich.) writes: "Will you be kind enough to tell me through the columns of the POST what the word 'Tuileries,' as used in the Garden of the Tuileries, Paris, is derived from? We get the SATURDAY EVENING POST regularly and consider it the best family and literary paper published." "Tuileries" is derived from the word *tuile*, a tile, because tiles were made on the spot where the palace stands. Catherine de Medici began the building in 1564, and Louis XIV completed it in 1664. The grounds and gardens were laid out by Lenotre, a celebrated gardener of Paris.

N. JR., (Warsaw, Ind.) writes: "Can you tell me what will prevent hair from turning gray at an early age? Also, for the sake of a friend, will 'Prof. ——'s Magic Compound' force the beard to grow? If so, where can it be procured, and what is the price? If not, is there anything that will? Also, what is the proper method to make an acquaintance with a strange lady?"

The following is considered a good recipe for preventing the hair from turning gray: Oxide of bismuth, four drachms, pure hog's lard, four ounces. Melt the last and add the first. Use as a pomade. Now, in reference to the "Compound" you speak of, we know nothing; but we do not think it, or any other artificial agency, will force the beard to grow. We sympathize deeply with your friend, but feel assured that he will be compelled to await the developments of nature in respect of growing a beard. After all, it is not particularly desirable to have one in advance of the season, and his sweetheart may relish a smooth face as heartily as a bearded one. The proper way to become acquainted with a lady is to obtain an introduction from some one who knows her.

R. G. W., (Erie, Pa.,) writes: "You will greatly oblige by answering me a few questions. 1st. Has the Governor of a State the authority to pardon a criminal convicted of murder in the first degree, if he sees proper? 3d. Has a person the right to burn an old and useless building—for instance an old log house? We have one on our farm, the logs are too rotten for firewood, so I said that I would burn it down and scatter the ashes over the meadow in which it stands; but my brother contends that it is against the law to burn a building, (no matter how worthless it might be,) without tearing down first. Is he right? 3d. When, where, and how was it discovered that coal was combustible? 4th How many feet above the level of the sea is Pittsburgh?" 1st. Yes. His right of pardoning extends to every class of criminals. 2d. If it is an old log house, standing far apart from any building that could be injured by the burning, you may set fire to it with impunity. Of course you have no right to risk setting fire to a neighbors property in the least. You have the same right to burn your worthless house, as to make any other bonfire, equally large. 3d. Coal was not known to the ancients, so far as can be discovered. It was used in London about the end of the thirteenth century. It is not known how or when it first came to be used. 4th. We do not know the elevation of Pittsburgh.

RUSTIC (Marion, Ky.) asks: "Why do editors of newspapers require articles for publication to be written on only one side of the paper? Do editors ever accept articles written in pencil? What salaries do editors of first-class news journals receive? Also, editors of literary and religious journals? What do regular correspondents receive? Do editors pay anything for poetry? What is the fee for a copyright for a book or newspaper? What are the rates of postage on manuscripts?"

Manuscripts are required to be written on but one side of the paper for the sake of convenience, as, in setting an article into type, it is cut into several pieces and distributed among different compositors. As a rule articles written in pencil are incontinently consigned to the waste basket. The pay of newspaper men is small. With the exception of their managing editors, not one chief editor of a metropolitan daily receives over $90 per week—the majority of them range from $35 to $75 per week. There are few editorial writers on the large dailies who receive more than $40 per week. Editors of literary and religious journals receive no more than editors of news journals, and, often much less. Salaried correspondents receive from $18 to $30 per week. Poetry of a high order, written by individuals of established reputation is paid for. Ordinary poetry is a drug in the market at no price. The fee for a copyright is $2. The postage on manuscript for magazines, periodicals and newspapers, is three cents for one half ounce, or fraction thereof.